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THE CHRISTMAS DINNER GONE!

MR. SHEPPARD'S humorous and graphic picture suggests its own story so well that the reader's imagination can easily fill in the missing links—the tramp through the snowy woods to the trap, the too eager haste of the younger party, the disappointed hopes of a good Christmas dinner, the sulky march homeward, and the shrill scolding at the cabin when the unlucky sportsmen return empty-handed. The Virginia negroes, we may add, call the rabbit "he-yar," and the trap a "gum."

ONLY A SHADOW.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

'TWAS only a shadow across the pane,
As the shivering beggar-boy looked within;
'Twas scarcely seen ere 'twas gone again,
Lost 'mid the flowers and musical din.

The feet of the child were blue with the cold,
Treading the stones of the frozen street;
And the shivering lad became more bold
When the scent of the flowers came so sweet.

A lady, tired and warm from the dance,
Had raised, for a moment, a window near;
Like a shadow she seemed in the single glance
The beggar-child gave, as he then could hear

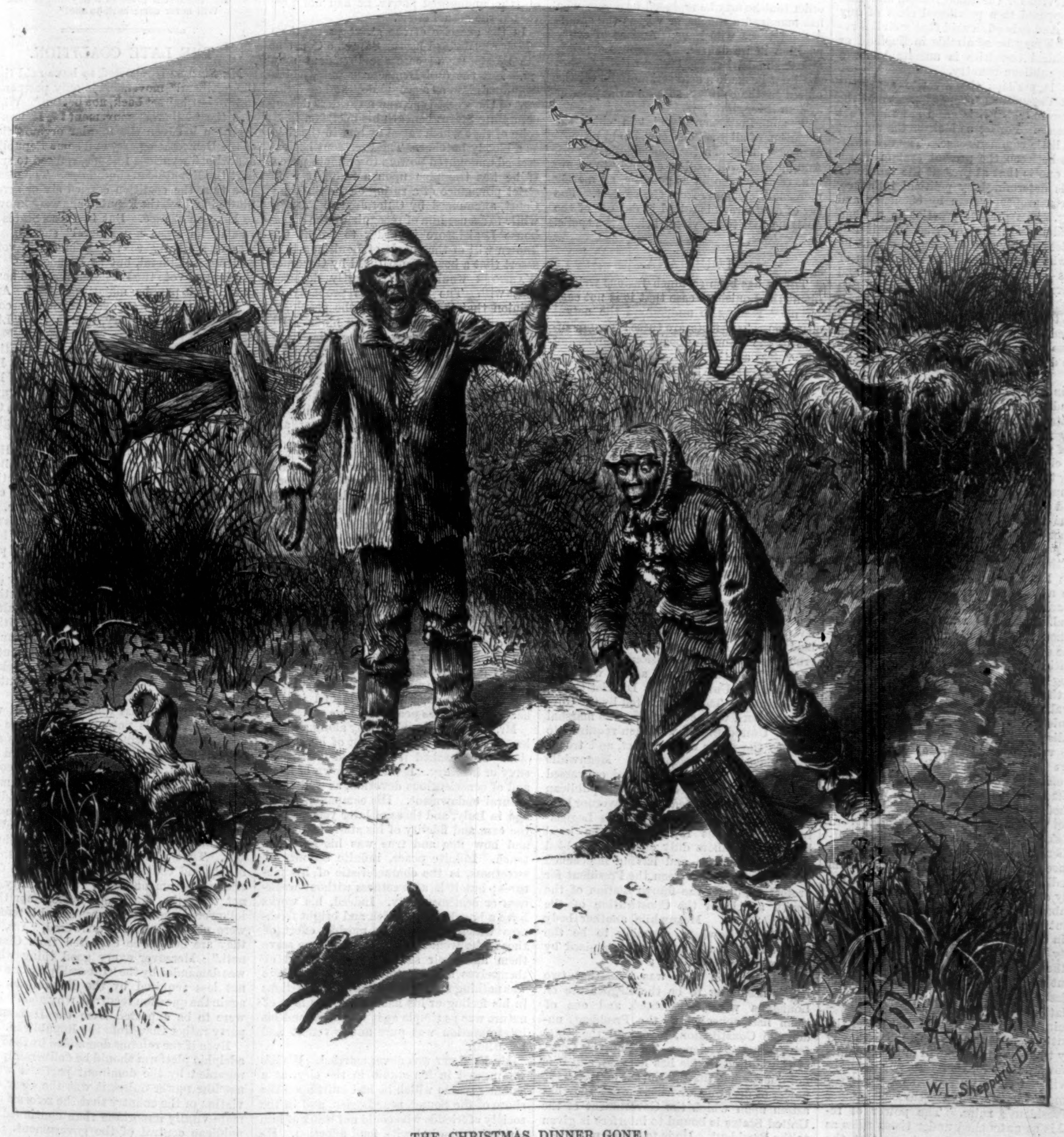
The sound of the music that floated out
From the open window where Fashion sat;
And the barefooted boy in the cold without
Wondered why God should not give all that

Great wealth of flowers and wine and light
To him—or a part—that he might not feel
The hunger-pangs in the cold that night,
As he down to the area door could steal.

'Twas a small, blue hand, extended then,
Asking for bread at the area door;
But the lad met only rough taunts from the men,
And was told to begone and to come no more.

Away in the cold, and away from the glare,
The beggar-boy walked from that Christmas sight,
Wondering why, in the brightness there,
Not one had a heart for the poor that night!

And he thought, as he stood in the lonely street,
How warm the gas-lights looked within,
And wondered how, when the flowers were sweet,
The shadowy Rich could ever sin!


W. L. Sheppard. Del.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER GONE!

"Dar now! I done tole you so fust."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1873.

CIRCULATION 164,000.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive gratuitously an EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing further installments of "THE WANDERING HEIR" and "BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES."

DOES CIVIL SERVICE REFORM CREATE AN ARISTOCRACY?

MR. THURLOW WEED is an experienced and skillful political manager, but his late letter upon the civil service reform shows that he has not made himself familiar either with the present condition of the service in England, which he criticises, nor with the principles and methods proposed by the President in this country, which he denounces. Mr. WEED'S chief objection is that to destroy patronage, and to make honesty and efficiency the tenure of office, is to create an aristocracy of office-holders. Senator LOGAN also is reported as having said, with some vehemence, that he does not approve the proposed reform of the civil service for the same reason, and that he is opposed to a privileged class of any kind. And it is often said that a civil service which may be admirable in England or monarchical countries is unsuitable for a plain republican country.

This is perhaps the favorite argument against disturbance of patronage, and the nonsense in which it is often ignorantly set is immense. For let us look at the subject with a little common-sense. The exact difference between the present system and a proper one is that at present the tenure of office is determined by political influence, and in a proper system by efficiency and honesty. The present practice is a thousandfold more aristocratic, because it fills the offices not by competent persons, but by those who are favored by a certain class of citizens—namely, leading politicians and members of Congress. That class is, in this sense, the aristocratic class. It uses the patronage to retain its power. And when it is proposed to conduct the public business upon business principles, this aristocracy of patronage denounces the proposition as aristocratic.

Again, when it is said that to make honesty and efficiency the tenure of the offices is to create a privileged class, what is meant? Simply that the office-holders will have a kind of vested right in the office as against other citizens. Now what are the facts? Simply that, despite the twaddle about privilege and aristocracy, the present system is obliged by the necessity of the case to bend in some degree to the laws which should altogether control it. The most important single point of the civil service of the country is the Custom-house in the city of New York. It receives an enormous proportion of the national revenues. During the last ten years there have been seven Collectors at its head. But the Assistant Collector—without whom it is not too much to say that every one of these Collectors would have found the duties of his office at least painfully perplexing—has been in the Custom-house for more than thirty years, and his experience is invaluable to the country and to every Administration. Yet he, retained because of his indispensable knowledge and experience, is the very representative of what the objectors call "a privileged class." Other chief officers of the New York Custom-house have had similar terms of service. Why have they not been "rotated" out of office? Why has not the thunder-bolt of Senatorial scorn of aristocracies and privileged classes smitten them? Because common-sense and experience have interfered. To remove them in obedience to any absurd theory of the necessity of party patronage would have been to embarrass the operation of the most important of the public offices. If continuance in office because of proved capacity and fidelity be evidence of an aristocratic system, then in these most signal instances the present system is shown to be aristocratic, and deserving the fiercest Congressional denunciation.

Again, if it should be said that under the present system such officers may be removed at any time by the mere will of the appointing power, and are, therefore, not properly a privileged class, we reply that they may be removed in precisely the same way under the President's rules. The power of removal is as untouched under those rules as it is under the present system. But the temptations to its illicit exercise are removed. The proper flexibility of the service requires that the discretion of removal should be unchecked, because legitimate reasons for removal can not always be proved by legal evidence, nor is it always desirable that they should be, even if they could. The difficulty now is that a good officer is removed that another who is no better, but who is more "influentially backed," may be substituted. But the pressure to remove disappears when the substitute has no certainty of succession. The powerful Senator A would not try to displace B to make a place for C, if he knew that when the vacancy was made it would be filled in a manner which would probably put in D.

If, therefore, continuance in office because of efficiency and fidelity is aristocratic, the present service is so; and if the removal for proved cause only be the proof of a privileged class, the President's rules do not establish it. What is meant, then, by the cry of monarchical systems and unrepublican methods? Nothing whatever. Either it springs from unpardonable ignorance of what the President has prescribed, or it is a mere appeal to Buncombe. What the country needs, and what its best opinion demands, is that the public business shall be done in the most economical, efficient, and faithful manner, and, to that end, that it shall have the advantage of experience, as every other business has. It does not need nor demand that an Assistant Collector, thoroughly competent and experienced and honest, should be turned out upon some ridiculous theory of visionaries about privilege and aristocracy and rotation in office, in order that he may be replaced by a man who has managed a caucus, or who is the candidate of those who have. And so of every position in its degree. The country needs and demands that the Presidential election shall not be made a mad scramble for all the offices in the country, as under the present system it inevitably is.

The one fundamental point to which the attention of all good citizens should be most earnestly directed is the honesty of elections. And nothing will tend so strongly to secure it as removing, so far as possible, all merely mercenary elements from the contest. The cry of aristocracy is raised in defense of the doctrine that to the victor belong the spoils.

LOUISIANA.

THERE has been so much furious writing about the Louisiana case that it is not easy for most readers to understand the actual situation. The facts are these: Two members of the returning board for canvassing the votes at the late election resigned. Their places were filled under the law by the remaining members. Governor WARMOTH, one of the board, then removed the Secretary of State, also a member of the board, and appointed Mr. WHARTON, one of his own friends, in his place. This gave the Governor control of the board, and he and Mr. WHARTON repudiated the election of the two new members, and substituted two others. The new board, so constituted, proceeded to canvass the votes, when, upon proper application, their proceedings were stayed by the judge of a State court, who had unquestioned jurisdiction. The Governor thereupon forcibly ejected this judge, and replaced him by one who had not been legally returned as elected. The Supreme Court of the State decided against the validity of the Governor's action, and virtually held that his board was illegal. The Governor disregarded the decision of the court.

An injunction upon his action was then asked of the United States District Court, and granted. This was treated by the Governor's board with contempt. The marshal of the United States was then required to enforce the order of the court, and troops were placed at his command. Meanwhile the majority of the legal board canvassed the votes, and returned that the Republican candidates were elected. The Governor having called a special session of the Legislature, the persons returned by the legal board as members duly elected assembled in the State-house, and having impeached the Governor, called upon the President for protection, under the fourth section of the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States. Meanwhile another body assembled elsewhere, claiming to be the lawful Legislature, and was recognized by the Governor.

The situation then was this, that two bodies assuming to be the Legislature of Louisiana were constituted, and one of them had appealed to the President, under the Constitution, to defend the State from domestic violence. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided, and it is not questioned, that by the act of 1795 "the power of deciding whether the exigency has arisen upon which the Government of the United States is bound to interfere is given to the President. He is to act upon the application of the Legislature or of the [State] Executive, and consequently he must determine what body of men constitute the Legislature and who is the Governor before he can act." Meanwhile the Governor had moved the Supreme Court of the United States to restrain the District Judge in Louisiana. But the court unanimously decided that it had no jurisdiction until an appeal had been made. The President, upon due consideration of all the circumstances, determined that the body assembled in the State-house was the legal Legislature, and that Mr. PINCHBECK, who had succeeded the Governor upon the impeachment of the latter, was the lawful Governor of the State.

In making this decision the President did not express any opinion of the character of the persons engaged in the proceedings. Whether the District Judge DURELL was a drunken ruffian, or Governor WARMOTH an unscrupulous and dangerous knave, was not the question. Louisiana politics, and many of the Louisiana politicians of all parties, are a stench in the public nostrils. But the President was constitutionally invoked to act, and he decided to act in accordance with the ruling of the State and of the United States courts; while as to the character of the persons concerned there are probably very few well-informed persons who suppose that Governor WARMOTH would hesitate at any measure necessary to carry out his designs. The President might have decided to take no part. But had he done so, serious trouble and bloodshed would probably have followed, and public opinion would then have required him not to abandon the State to anarchy, and have asked why, having the undoubted power, he had not prevented the actual crisis.

In the exercise of the grave prerogative which was defined by the Supreme Court in the Rhode Island case the President may err. But the dull Democratic hate, which denounces him as a stupid dolt and an autocrat of the worst type, and a ruthless despot trampling States beneath his heel, is a faint echo of that which raged at him in the field as a bloody butcher. The President has exercised undoubted powers to promote peace. If he has trampled upon a State, it is in strict pursuance of a ruling of the Supreme Court, announced by Chief Justice TANEY; while to accuse him of recognizing the State-house Legislature in order to defeat the known will of the people of Louisiana is to assert that a board constituted by Governor WARMOTH would have honestly declared that will. The President is probably of opinion that the real will of the people, as expressed in the election, was much more likely to be declared by the legal board of canvassers than by that of Governor WARMOTH.

JOHN F. KENSETT.

ONE of the noblest, purest, gentlest, and truest of men is lost to us by the death of JOHN F. KENSETT. His presence to all who knew him was a perpetual benediction, and those of us who have long known him best and loved him most feel that a light is withdrawn from our lives which was a clear ray of the infinite love and goodness. He was a man of great gifts and of the sweetest nature: modest, unassuming, most generous, and most manly. Indeed, he was so free from selfishness and personal aggressiveness of every kind that he deprecated praise, while no allusion to others that was not pure with charity ever fell from his lips. The charm of his character so suffused his life and his works that each illustrated the other: and through the deep, serene repose, the soft, silvery tranquillity of his pictures, the beholder, unsuspecting, looked into a heart of depthless peace and love.

Mr. KENSETT passed swiftly along a noiseless path to the highest point of his profession. He reached it and held it without envy or hostility. It was the crown of labor and of conscientious devotion, as well as of natural endowment. His companions long ago in Italy, and those of later years, know the care and fidelity of his study of nature, and how fine and true was his felicitous touch. Infinite peace, infinite serenity of sweetness, is the characteristic of his pictures; but it is a sweetness without weakness or sentimentality. Indeed, his works have a breadth and health and bright freshness which reprove the morbid effort of those who would make the landscape serve them and their small fancies, instead of themselves serving the landscape. There was nothing morbid, or strained, or factitious in his feeling or his handling. His love of nature was as simple as it was deep, and his interpretation was pure and reverent and beautiful.

Mr. KENSETT was never married. His life was passed in his studio in the city, at a summer studio which he had built upon the shore of the Sound, near Darien, and in the society of friends who could not think of him nor name him but with fond affection. He had lived for some time in Europe, especially in England and Italy, and had passed sketching summers among the favorite American haunts of the painters—in the Catskill, at the White Mountains, at Newport; and he had made a tour to the Iron Mountains, in Missouri, and beyond. His fellow-artists would gladly have elected him president of the Academy, but that he declined. Yet it had no more interested or faithful servant than he; and to his personal efforts and influence more than to any single cause is due the collection of the fund which built the present Academy. He was president of the Artists' Fund Charitable Society when he died.

—When he died! There are men who seem to take a part of life with them when they go. They are so associated with the happiest hours, with the best hopes and deepest feelings, that life has less to offer when so much friendly sympathy and intimate understanding are withdrawn. That cheerful, sincere greeting, then, will be heard no more. That hand which, with every returning spring, drew us with its latest picture nearer and nearer to the great heart of love and beauty in nature, will not touch us again. To the rich young romance of companionship in Italy, softer and remoter as the years pass, is now added the tenderness of a beloved presence vanished forever. Along the gray rocks of the Rhode Island shore, of which he was so fond, and which is nowhere so truthfully shown as by his hand, the moan of the ocean has henceforth a deeper pathos.

> "Break, break, break,
> At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
> But the tender grace of a day that is dead
> Will never come back to me!"

THE LATE COALITION.

MR. SCHURZ is reported to have said that the "Liberal" movement is only postponed to 1876—it is "set back, not beaten." What was the "Liberal" movement? It was a coalition between the regular organization of the Democratic party and some Republicans who, for various reasons, refused to support the Republican candidates. The result was that the coalition carried six or seven States in which the Republicans were known to have no chance. But in those States it was in no sense a "Liberal" success. It was due wholly to the Democratic vote, cast not as Liberal, but as Democratic. In the general vote the President received nearly twice his popular majority of 1868. And if a movement was ever scornfully condemned by the country, it was the "Liberal" effort of 1872.

Does Mr. SCHURZ think that the coalition is "set back" and "postponed" as the Republican movement was in 1856? The Republican party emerged from that magnificent and awakening campaign, in which the conscience of the country was thoroughly aroused, firm, united, devoted, and as resolved as the colonists after Bunker Hill. The Republican movement had not failed, for it sprang from the profound conviction of the best part of the country, and it carried many of the most intelligent States. It swept on and regenerated the nation. Is the situation of the coalition the same? Where is there a single sign that the "Liberal" party exists? There is a Democratic party and a Republican party. One or both may disappear before another Presidential election. New interests and new issues may result in new combinations. But to call the political changes that may now occur in this country the progress of the "Liberal" movement is merely to trifle with words, and to seek to dignify the total and contemptuous rout of the Cincinnati movement.

The reason of that rout is plain. It was not that there is not a sincere desire for progress and reform, nor that there is any disposition to be harsh or unjust toward the Southern States. But it was that the country did not choose to intrust its government to a motley collection of those who had resisted every step of progress and every movement of reform, with malcontents of every kind, and a few sincere and unwise enthusiasts. That was the feeling which indignantly and contemptuously swept the Cincinnati movement away. The country did not trust the Cincinnati leaders nor their followers; and when it was asked if reforms were not desirable, it answered, "Yes, but they are not to be expected from Cincinnati." Moreover every good thing which was demanded by the "Liberal" platform was not less required by the Republican, and again the question recurred, why good things were to be expected from the Democratic party rather than from the Republican.

Even if the reforms demanded by the Philadelphia platform should be deliberately disregarded by the dominant party, it would not lose power unless it was the clear conviction of the country that the reforms were more vitally important than continued Republican control of the government. The "Liberal" assumption that the war was to be totally disregarded was as foolish as it was fatal. The country will not trust any party largely composed of Democrats, and the power will remain where it is until—whatever the interest in special methods of administration—the country is convinced that the great Republican principles of policy which it has adopted are beyond the chance of peril.

If the situation in 1876 should be in the general judgment substantially what it was in 1872, any opposition movement would be as unceremoniously thrust aside as the "Liberal" has been now. It could be truly said that in 1856 the Republican movement was postponed until 1860, because in that year the situation was precisely the same in kind, but more alarming in degree. But the "Liberal" movement has not even a national organization. Does Mr. Schell recognize Mr. Cochrane or Mr. Allen as his official superior, or do they recognize him? The movement was a coalition only, and a miserably baffled coalition. It is not and never was an organization representing a great and desirable policy, although among those who called themselves Liberals were some who sincerely wished the adoption of certain measures of reform. That sincere desire will continue. Those measures will probably in some form prevail. But the Cincinnati coalition of 1872, when to recover the control of the government the Democratic party adopted candidates nominated by a few former Republicans, is as dead as the cabal of Charles the Second.

FIRE! FIRE!

At this season there are hundreds of thousands of persons assembled every evening in various parts of the country, and they are all in great peril. They sit in halls to listen to concerts or lectures, and there are very few halls from which escape would be possible in case of fire. Our public halls are generally in the second or sometimes in the third story of buildings of which the lower story is devoted to shops. They are reached by narrow wooden staircases, often winding and at inconvenient angles. They are, in fact, what are called tinder-boxes. How swiftly fires spread we have had recent and terrible experience. How suffocating with smoke the lobbies and passages would instantly be it is easy to imagine. And if during the lecture any where in the country this very evening some scoundrel should shout, "I smell smoke! fire!" there would be a panic which would undoubtedly be frightfully fatal to human life.

Let the reader ask himself of the hall with which he is most familiar, what are the reasonable chances of escape? There has, indeed, been as yet no tragedy of this precise kind, and we are perhaps willing to run for luck. But there was no catastrophe just like that of the Fifth Avenue Hotel until two or three weeks since. Every great warehouse in Boston was built with a Mansard-roof until last month, when in a day, and mainly because of the structure of that roof, the business heart of the city was eaten out by fire. Who is willing to wait until his wife, or daughter, or sister, or mother is the victim of an awful calamity before he acts in this matter? The chief use of a grand jury is to serve as a committee of public safety. Let every man who reads these lines, and who is drawn upon such a jury, call its attention to the neighboring halls, and present as a nuisance to be abated every one of them which is an evident man-trap. And most of the halls in the land would be presented.

The law also should require the most stringent care in the erection and arrangement of such buildings. If the present laws are intended to secure even a tolerable chance of safety, they fail utterly, and new laws should be enacted, with surer guarantees of faithful execution. It is fast becoming the reproach of a popular government that it is unequal to the protection of human life, or to that vigor of administration which is indispensable to personal comfort and safety. After the Fifth Avenue fire, who wishes to be lodged in the fifth story of a pasteboard hotel? After some dire disaster to an audience in a great hall, who will care to crowd into another to hear a concert or a lecture? "What should you do in case of an alarm of fire in this hall?" was the question lately asked of the president of a lyceum at the close of a lecture. "By George! we should all go to the —— together!" was the prompt reply. We hope not; but it is a reply worth consideration.

PERSONAL.

The recent demise of Edwin Forrest recalls an anecdote that has not hitherto appeared in print, and is related to us by the counsel representing the purchasers from him of the Font Hill estate, near Yonkers. The occasion was the completion of the sale. Just as the purchase-money was paid and the deed delivered, Mr. Forrest, in the bitter manner usual with him when in his moods (and any thing connected with this property, which he had purchased, improved, and ornamented for domestic quiet in the evening of his days, seemed prolific of them), launched forth some strong expressions and wishes for those whom he conceived had thrown a blight over his life. For this he was gently rebuked, and probably for the first time in many years, if not in his life, he had words of Christian charity administered to him in so firm and positive a manner that at first astonished and then seemed for the moment to soften him, for he exclaimed, "Yes, yes, mother; I know you ladies are angels, full of goodness, but—but" (and here came back the bitterness) "my creed is brief and direct: I love my friends and hate my enemies;" and, bowing low, Mr. Forrest *presented to the purchasers a check for five thousand dollars* and withdrew.

—The Siamese are emulating the Japanese. Mow Surawongse, a son of the Prime Minister of Siam, has been admitted a cadet at the academy at Woolwich, and another son, now in the British army, is to go through a course of instruction at the Academy of Royal Engineers.

—Professor Tyndall, whose success as a lecturer has been as complete here as in England, is personally a man of medium stature, lithe built, highly vitalized, alert, and noiseless in his movements; a ready and effective talker, but an excellent listener, and his manners are genial and attractive. He is socially strong, a man of the world as well as a philosopher, and at home in all relations. But with all his passion for experiment, he has not yet made the experiment of matrimony.

—The following new members have been chosen United States Senators for six years from the 4th of March next:

W. B. Allison, Iowa, *vice* James Harlan; A. A. Sargent, California, *vice* Cornelius Cole; T. C. M'Creery, Kentucky, *vice* B. Matchen; G. R. Dennis, Maryland, *vice* George Vickers; B. Wadleigh, New Hampshire, *vice* J. W. Patterson; A. S. Merrimon, North Carolina, *vice* John Pool; M. C. Mitchell, Oregon, *vice* H. W. Corbett; J. J. Patterson, South Carolina, *vice* F. A. Sawyer.

—Mr. John G. Nicolay, formerly private secretary of President Lincoln, has been elected to the honorable and somewhat lucrative position of marshal of the Supreme Court of the United States, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Parsons, just elected to Congress from the Cleveland district. Mr. Nicolay's name was presented by Judge Davis, and after six ballots he was successful by a vote of five to three, the following judges voting for him: Chase, Davis, Clifford, Swayne, and Strong. Speaking of judges, the court as now constituted stands as follows:

Name.	State.	Age.	App't'd.
S. P. Chase..........	Ohio,	63	1862
Nathan Clifford....	Maine,	67	1858
N. H. Swayne.........	Ohio,	61	1862
David Davis.........	Illinois,	56	1862
Samuel F. Miller.....	Iowa,	55	1862
Stephen J. Field.....	California,	54	1863
Joseph P. Bradley....	New Jersey,	58	1870
William Strong......	Pennsylvania,	62	1870
Ward Hunt..........	New York,	--	1872

It will be observed that every judge of the court is from a Northern State. The South has no representative upon the Supreme bench.

—Colonel Forney, who has seen as much of the social life of our statesmen as any person of our day, says he met on one occasion at dinner Webster, Benton, John M. Clayton, James Buchanan, Stephen A. Douglas, and William R. King. Buchanan was a capital host. When Webster was roused he kept the table in a roar. Clayton was full of fun, and King was amusing in his dry way. Douglas was almost unrivaled. His repartee was a flash, and his courtesy as knightly as if he had been born in the best society.

—Mr. Bass, M.P., the famous brewer of England, who has been giving away several small fortunes during the year, has just crowned the series by giving to the town of Derby $25,000 to found a free library, together with $2000 worth of books.

—Dr. M'Cosh says that there are 20,000 Presbyterian congregations in the world, embracing a population of 34,000,000.

—Mr. Bret Harte's first public appearance in this city as a lecturer took place on the evening of December 16, at Steinway Hall, and was a complete success. His subject, *The Argonauts of '49*, recounted, in the quaint, humorous, and peculiarly original style of Mr. H., those strange, wild ways that were conspicuous in the early days of California, interspersed with anecdotes racy of the soil, which few men can put together or tell so well as the bright author of *The Heathen Chinee.*

—General William H. Morris, who has been appointed Inspector-General on the staff of Governor Dix, is a son of the late George P. Morris, and distinguished himself in several actions during the late unpleasantness. He was severely wounded in the battle of the Wilderness.

—"Quasimodo," the well-informed and judicious Havana correspondent of the New York *Times*, writes to that paper concerning the mysterious "Mr. Fleming," whose arrival in Cuba set every body to wondering who he could be: "Mr. Fleming is a fine-looking man of about forty-eight or fifty years, has short gray hair, clipped close, and is very corpulent; his mouth is very small, and his teeth are very handsome; his weight is about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and his height five feet six to eight inches. In conversation he is exceedingly humorous and entertaining. On hunting up some of Mr. Nast's cartoons of the Ring all those who had seen Mr. Fleming pronounced him to be Mr. Thomas C. Fields, the runaway Ring man and fireman's friend, minus the mustache." This proves the fidelity of Mr. Nast's portrait caricatures.

—Mr. Proudfoot, an American gentleman of Scotch forbears, has bought the Shield Hall estate, four miles from Glasgow, Scotland, for $560,000.

—If it is pleasant for an author to see his works reproduced in foreign languages—and it is not to be supposed that authors are free from such innocent vanity—Dr. John W. Draper must be a happy man. Most of his works have been translated into French, German, and Italian. An edition of his *Intellectual Development* has been published at Cracow, in Polish; and here lie before us beautiful Russian editions of his *Civil Policy* and *Human Physiology*, the cuts being reproduced with great elegance and accuracy. We also learn that a Russian edition of Dr. Draper's *History of the Civil War* is now going through the press at St. Petersburg. It is to be in three volumes of text, with an additional volume of maps, which were incorporated in the text of the American edition. Few authors have been more highly honored by foreign as well as home appreciation than Dr. Draper.

—Mr. Bright, in declining an invitation to attend a civic banquet at Birmingham, wrote, "I am still obliged to shun public dinners and meetings and speeches, and must therefore ask your committee to excuse my absence." This looks as though England's great orator had not reached that degree of physical soundness which had been announced in the public prints.

—The Bishop of Sodor and Man happened to be going from London to Liverpool lately in a second-class railway car, and the weather being cold, the occupants were warmly wrapped. Opposite the bishop was a frank, jolly man of the world, disposed to make all about him comfortable. On arriving at Stafford, where there is always a stoppage of a few minutes, our jolly friend, addressing his opposite neighbor, said, "Old buck, you look as if a brandy-and-soda would do you no harm." He left the carriage along with one of the other passengers, a young man, who was nearly convulsed with laughter. On inquiring the cause of his unusual mirth, the fellow-passenger said, "Do you know whom you were talking to?" "No," was the reply of the jolly man. "Why, the 'old buck' whom you addressed was no other than the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man." Of course the gentleman could do nothing but laugh at his own mistake, and when he returned to the carriage he addressed his traveling companion in terms more becoming his lordship's position. The bishop, who is a good-natured, sociable man, no doubt enjoyed this little incident.

—The Countess Skenns, a Swedish lady, is in Paris, and proposes to organize a new expedition—a feminine one—for the succor of Dr. Livingstone, as she thinks the work of Mr. Stanley is not sufficient. She professes to know Central Africa, which she explored in company with her husband, and alleges that she is personally acquainted with all the chiefs of the country.

—Count Chotek, Baron Huber, and Count Salm, representing all the great Austrian banking houses, have been at Paris, and offered to M. Thiers a financial combination guaranteeing to Germany the fifth milliard of the war indemnity.

—Lerdo de Tejadá, the new President of Mexico, is a lawyer, forty-five years of age, and possesses great energy and courage, and is also notably eloquent as an orator. He is a self-made man. He was Foreign Minister when the unsuccessful effort was made by the United States to save the life of Maximilian.

—The Count de Chambord, who still aspires to the throne of France, has been visited by fifty of the French deputies. The policy of putting some limitation on the universal suffrage law is attributed to this gathering.

—It was General Robert E. Lee who said of General Meade, when their armies confronted each other at Gettysburg: "I have now the most dangerous adversary I have ever faced. General Meade will do nothing which the newspapers will go mad about, but he will never make a mistake in my front; and if I make one he will see it instantly, and take immediate advantage of it." The statement is made by a gentleman who served with Lee in that engagement.

—Mr. John M. Francis, our Troy editor, now United States minister at Athens, is the boon companion of the King of Greece, walking, driving, and dining with him five days out of the week.

—Mrs. Burnham, one of the principal correspondents of the St. Louis *Republican*, has entered the lecture field. If other correspondents have lectures written, they can not do better than Burnham.

—Mr. George Cruikshank will soon publish his *Recollections*, which are expected to be very entertaining. In a ponderous biographic artistic dictionary, published in Munich in 1852, a notice of Mr. Cruikshank commences as follows: "Cruikshank, George. A famous caricaturist and artist on copper, living in London, whose real name is 'Simon Pure.'"

—Of Vice-President Colfax, Miss Laura Ream writes to the Cincinnati *Commercial* that she had a chat with him, in which he said: "I stood to-day on the very spot in the Senate-chamber where I made my first reports for the Indianapolis *Journal*. It was then owned by Mr. Douglas, and he gave me $2 a day for my services. I remember pleading with him for another dollar. I had to pay $4 a week for my board, and with that and the expense of clothes, and coming here and returning home, I could not very well see my way clear. When I insisted on the other dollar Mr. Douglas said to me: 'You don't seem to consider the advantages you enjoy; you are in a way to make valuable acquaintances. See what Albert S. White has come to. He was once a reporter. You may be a member of Congress some day. Who knows?' I frankly confess," continued Mr. Colfax, "that I said to him in reply, 'I will give all my chances of being a member of Congress for the other dollar a day.'"

—A gentleman who spent an evening with Mr. John Morley in the winter of 1867 relates the following: Mr. M. was well acquainted with "George Eliot," whose *Middlemarch* has just been published by the Harpers, and which is regarded by herself as the best of her productions. He describes her as a very plain person, but with a most benevolent expression of countenance. She is exceedingly pleasant and genial in conversation, and is fairly adored by her friends. By nature she is of a decidedly religious disposition, and is most deeply interested in subjects of that nature. There is something very striking in her manner, and Mr. Morley said she always reminded him of St. Paul. As might be expected from her writings, she has exquisite sensibilities, and is acutely sensitive of pain and suffering in others, so as to be much affected by the disagreeable sights that are daily to be met with in the streets. She lives a very retired life, and sees but little society, on account of her marriage; while like her husband, who is the most brilliant talker in London society, she is almost always sick, owing to the inability of her fine organization to bear much strain. She is a follower of Comte. Mr. Morley says no woman whom he had ever met impressed him as she had done. There seemed to be something apostolic about her, while her intellect was of the first order. An American literary lady who visited her not long since describes her as having a very masculine appearance, with homely features. Her manner, however, is exceedingly womanly, and the reverse of masculine. Her married life has been happy and calm, its only drawback being that she has been childless. Like the harmonious wedded union of Carlyle, Browning, J. S. Mill, Lowell, and Longfellow, her married life goes far to disprove the oft-asserted theory that two persons of literary talent are not fit to mate with each other.

—Mr. Boker, our minister at Constantinople, recently presented to the Sultan Mr. Bancroft and other diplomatists. The Sultan conversed with them in English fluently, as he does in ten or twelve other languages.

—Mr. Lester Wallack's second brother, Henry, is a captain in the British army, and served with much distinction in the Ninth and Seventy-seventh regiments. He fought through the Sikh campaign, and wears a medal and three clasps for Sobraon. He is now governor of Millbank Prison, and attached to the royal household in the Queen's body-guard, composed of picked officers, who must have all won decorations.

—One of the notable characters of the British kingdom is Poole, the "swell" tailor of London. He is supposed to be shy at any body below a duke, but treats his dukes with democratic freedom. Any number of stories are told of him. One day a young captain in the Guards stopped him when driving on the parade at Brighton, and asked him, as a bit of fun, to look at his coat and see how badly it was made. Poole flung his reins to the groom, gravely scanned the coat, took a piece of chalk from his waistcoat pocket, and chalked any number of cabalistic diagrams of problems from Euclid on his customer's back. "Ah!" he said, contemplating his work with much satisfaction, "that will do now, captain; just go to my place and let the cutter see those marks, and he will know what to do;" and returning to his phaeton, he left the poor fellow chalked all over like an April-fool. Poole takes care to hold his own ground among his aristocratic clients, who are rather amused than offended by his blunt ways. They sometimes invite him to their country-houses, and on one occasion his complaint that the company he had met was very mixed was met by the remark that "he could not expect them to be all tailors."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Last week was a busy one in Congress. The Senate, December 16, took up the French spoliation claims, and Mr. Cameron made a lengthy speech in favor of their payment. The House Committee on Appropriations having set apart Tuesday evening, December 17, for the consideration of the subject of the postal telegraph, they had before them, by invitation, the Postmaster-General; William Orton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and Mr. Prescott, its electrician; Mr. Thurston, president of the Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph Company; Mr. Sweet, superintendent of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company; Mr. Brown, president of the Franklin Telegraph Company; General Myer, chief of the Signal Service Bureau; and William Whiting, counsel for the government in telegraph matters, together with others. The evidence was strongly against the proposed job.—The Senate, December 17, after acting on various matters, including the battle-flag resolution passed in the House on the 16th, took up the French Spoliation bill, and discussed it until adjournment. In the House, a bill was introduced relating to American exhibitors in the Vienna exhibition, and appropriating $100,000 in aid thereof. The subject was discussed until the expiration of the morning hour, after which Mr. Brooks made a personal explanation respecting the charge made against him by M'Comb, which brought on a discussion about the Credit Mobilier investigating committee as to whether the investigation should be public or private.—The Senate and House of Representatives spent some time, December 18, in listening to eulogies on the late Senator Garret Davis. In the House a bill was adopted authorizing the investigation of the affairs of the savings-banks of the District of Columbia. A bill was also passed by that body for the settlement of the five per cent. land claim due the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.—In the Senate, December 19, the Hubbard bill was reported from the Committee on Post-offices as a substitute for the Postal Telegraph bill. The French Spoliation bill was again taken up and discussed, but without result. In the House, resolutions were offered on locking up gold and currency, which were followed by a report of the Committee on Banking and Currency on the investigation of the Tenth National Bank of New York. The House shortly afterward went into Committee of the Whole upon the Deficiency Appropriations bill, which, after some discussion, was reported, and the bill passed. The bill reported by the Committee on Foreign Affairs relating to the Vienna Exposition, and making an appropriation of $100,000 for expenses, was then taken up and passed.

The case of the People *v.* William M. Tweed came up again December 16 in the Court of Oyer and Terminer. The prisoner pleaded not guilty, and the trial was fixed for the first Monday in January.

The second trial of Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James Fisk, Jun., was begun in the Court of Oyer and Terminer December 16, but at this writing only nine of the required twelve jurymen have been obtained.

Jay Gould has settled all his accounts with the Erie Railroad Company by restoring $9,086,000 worth of their property, on condition that he shall not be further disturbed by suits at law.

FOREIGN NEWS.

President Thiers has recommended to the Committee of Thirty the organization of a second Chamber. He also stated that he and his ministers were prepared to retire whenever their conduct might be disapproved.

Serious floods have occurred in France and Belgium. The river Seine has overflowed its banks on both sides, flooding many buildings in Paris, while the environs of Ghent are completely inundated.

An open-air meeting held in Stockton, England, on Sunday, December 15, in favor of amnesty to the imprisoned Fenians resulted in a row, during which the anti-Fenians charged on their opponents and carried off their flags. Fourteen of the ringleaders were imprisoned.

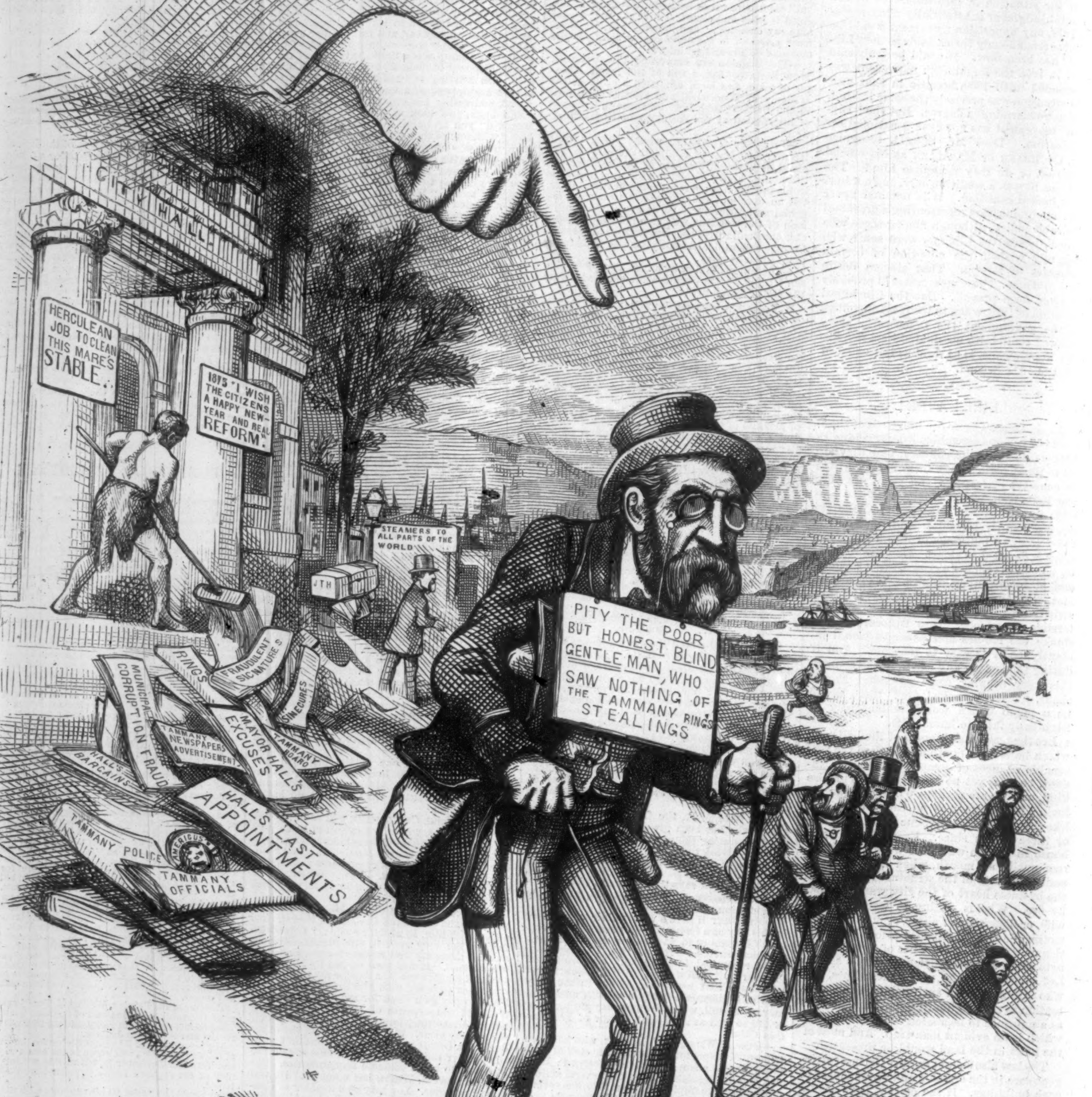
Information has reached London that the eighty passengers supposed to have been lost by the stranding of the *Franklin*, bound from Hamburg to San Francisco, have been rescued.

The ship *Matchless*, of Boston, was wrecked recently off the coast of Northumberland, England, and all on board were lost.

The governments of Norway and Sweden and Denmark have signed the international convention to secure a uniformity of coinage.

In the Lower House of the Spanish Cortes Señor Zorilla, president of the Cabinet Council, announced, December 19, that slavery was to be abolished at Porto Rico, that the Carlist insurrection had dwindled to insignificance, that disloyal demonstrations of federalists have ceased, and that order is now established through the country.

The republicans in the Spanish Cortes have resolved to sustain a vote of confidence in the government only on condition of its abolishing slavery throughout the Spanish dominions.


CITY HALL
HERCULEAN JOB TO CLEAN THIS MARE'S STABLE.
1873 "I WISH THE CITIZENS A HAPPY NEW-YEAR AND REAL REFORM".
STEAMERS TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD
JTH
MUNICIPAL CORRUPTION FRAUD
RINGS
FRAUDULENT SIGNATURES
SINECURES
TAMMANY NEWSPAPERS ADVERTISEMENTS
MAYOR HALL'S EXCUSES
TAMMANY BOARD
HALL'S BARGAINS
HALL'S LAST APPOINTMENTS
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PITY THE POOR BUT HONEST BLIND GENTLE MAN, WHO SAW NOTHING OF THE TAMMANY RINGS STEALINGS
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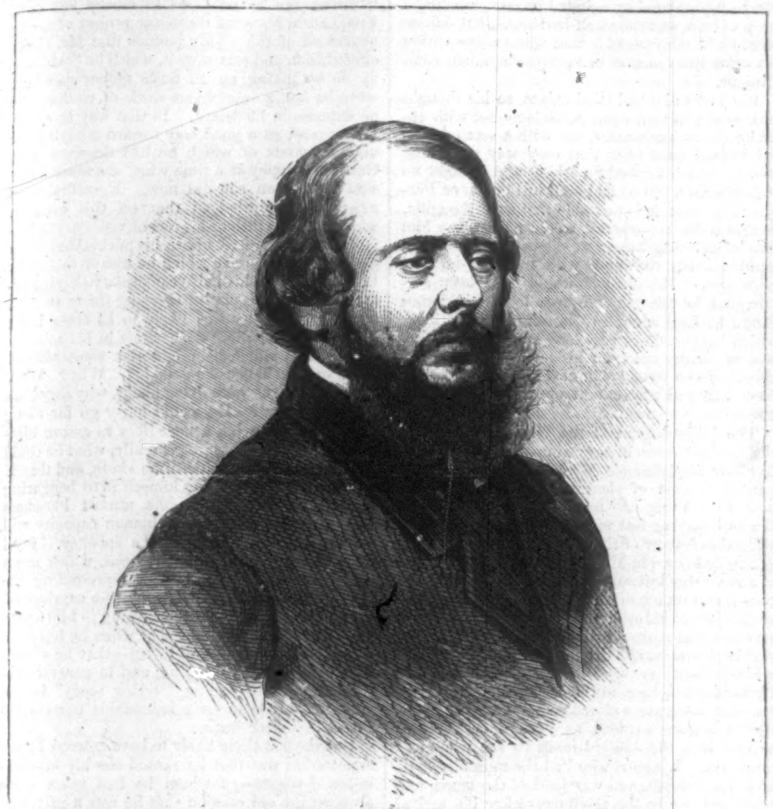
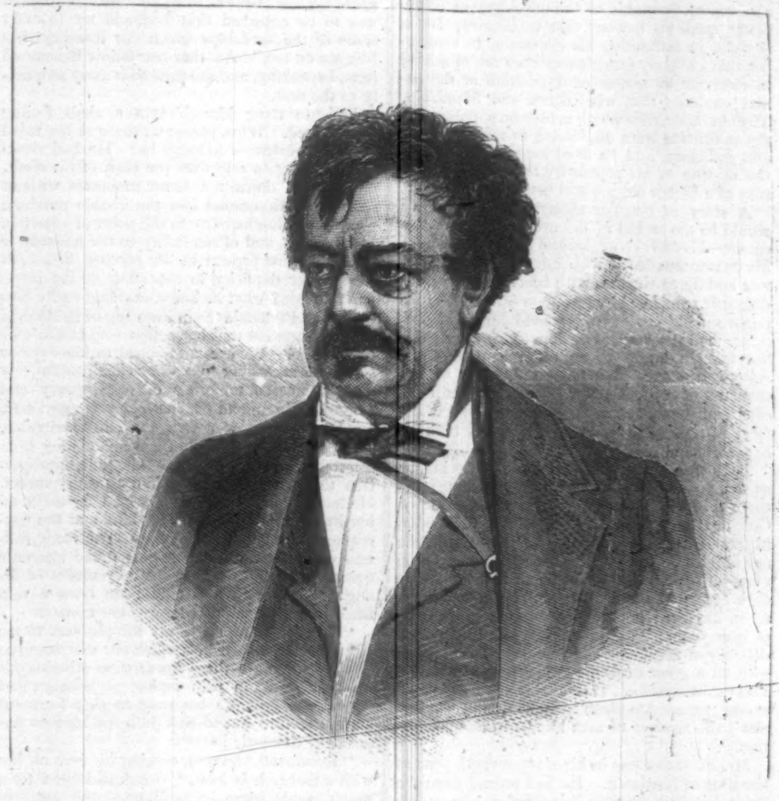
THE FINGER OF SCORN
SHALL FOLLOW THEM, IF LAW (SOMETIMES CALLED JUSTICE) CAN NOT.



JOHN F. KENSETT, N.A.



EDWIN FORREST.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.]

JOHN F. KENSETT.

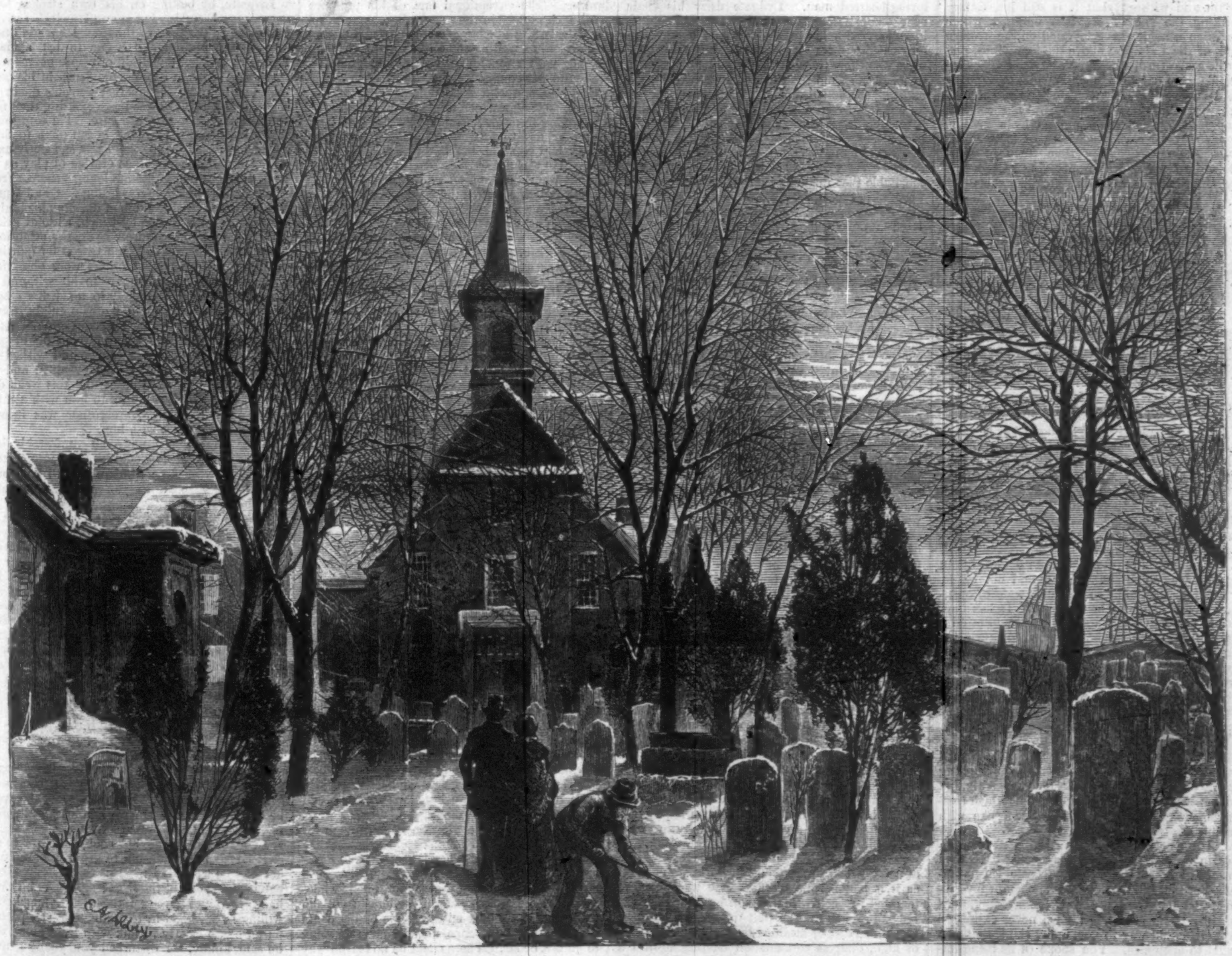
THE death of JOHN F. KENSETT has taken from us an artist who will be sadly missed, not only as a gifted interpreter of nature, but as a man remarkable for his ardent and genial sympathy with other artists, and lively interest in the general progress of art culture in America. He was never known to speak harshly or unkindly of any human being, and was always ready to extend assistance to young and struggling artists. One of the founders of the Artist Fund Society, he was one of its most active and zealous members, and contributed largely to its success.

He was born in Cheshire, Connecticut, in 1818, and at an early age was apprenticed to his uncle, ALFRED DAGGETT, in the business of bank-note engraving; but he soon determined to become a painter, and went to England, where he pursued his studies in oil-painting for five years; thence to the Continent, where he rambled about at his leisure, with an artist's eye for the beautiful and the picturesque; and last of all, with a deep yearning after the highest excellence in art, naturally to the land of the old masters. In Rome he began to paint with zeal and power. Returning to America in 1850, he fixed his abode in this city, and has ever since been engaged in painting the rocks and streams, sea-coasts and summer woods, of New York and New England in that delicious manner and with that exquisite fidelity to truth so familiar to all lovers of landscape art. The number of his works is very large, and specimens of his art are to be found in almost every gallery in this country.

KENSETT died on the 14th of December, 1872, suddenly and alone. He had been suffering from an attack of pneumonia, brought on by exposure a few weeks previous, under circumstances of peculiar sadness, when he assisted in the recovery of the body of a dear friend who had been drowned; but the immediate cause of his death was some trouble of the heart. His friends were sanguine of his recovery, and he was himself hopeful of soon resuming his work at the easel. On the morning of his death his servant, returning to his room after a brief absence, observed a strange look on his face. Friends were hastily summoned, but when they arrived he was already dead. So passed away one of our most gifted artists, in the full strength of his powers, followed by the poignant sorrow of a wide circle of friends, and sincerely lamented by those who knew him only through his works.

EDWIN FORREST.

THE sudden death of this well-known actor, on the morning of December 12, 1872, closed a long, eventful, stormy, and clouded life. A man of tempestuous passions, and utterly without the power of self-control, his career was inevitably an unhappy one, and while he had many admirers, he had but few friends. How much he and the world might have gained had his early days been passed under circumstances and influ-



OLD SWEDISH CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NEWELL, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 6.]

ences more favorable to the development of his better qualities it were vain to inquire; but it is right, in estimating his character, to remember that his early experiences were not of a kind to cultivate sweetness of disposition or the genial qualities that win regard and friendship. The characteristics which made him popular with the multitude were displeasing to the cultivated and judicious, and he lived long enough to see the decline of his popularity through the diffusion of a higher culture and better taste.

A story of singular though painful interest would be the recital of the events of his stormy career—his early struggles and disappointments; his courageous battle with adversity; his quarrels and fierce rivalries with brother actors; his domestic troubles, brought upon him by his own ungovernable passions; his splendid popular ovations; and the gradual decline of his fame. He has filled a large space in the history of the American stage. He possessed many of the elements of a great actor, but partly from force of circumstances, and partly from inherent defects of character, he made shipwreck both of happiness and fame.

To the present generation FORREST was known as a man of rugged and robust physique; but there is in the possession of Mr. S. S. SMITH, of Cincinnati, a portrait of him, painted in London in 1836, which shows him as he appeared at the age of thirty. It is the likeness of a slender young man with heavy masses of black hair and large dark eyes, with intellect, sensibility, and strength all in his face; none of the gnarled ruggedness of later years; an almost unexpected degree of delicacy of feature and refinement of expression—in all a great deal like the earliest likeness of DANIEL WEBSTER. He was then already known as the "great American tragedian," but was not at all the manner of man known to this generation.

Mr. FORREST was in his sixty-seventh year at the time of his death. He had retired from the stage, but had recently come before the public as a reader of some of SHAKSPEARE's plays, in which his greatest popular triumphs as an actor had been achieved.

OLD SWEDISH CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

SEVERAL years before the advent of PENN a Swedish colony on the Delaware erected a block-house at Wicaco, now the district of Southwark. It stood upon a pleasant knoll sloping down to the river, and was afterward converted into a church, the port-holes serving as windows. In 1700 a brick church was erected on the site of the block-house; and of this venerable edifice, which is still standing, on Swanson Street, we give a picture on the preceding page. It has lost much of its original appearance by changes within and without; but it is still interesting, marking the site of the first building where Christian worship was celebrated on the western bank of the Delaware above the Schuylkill, and for its grave-yard, where the first dead of Philadelphia were buried. There, among graves that were digged more than a century and a half ago, rest the remains of WILSON, the great American ornithologist; and on its crumbling stones may be read the names of many other noted Americans. At a time when so many ancient landmarks are disappearing so fast, it is pleasant to find one that is still fondly cherished.

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

BOOK VII.

TWO TEMPTATIONS.

CHAPTER LXV.—(*Continued.*)

LYDGATE pausing and looking at her began to feel that half-maddening sense of helplessness which comes over passionate people when their passion is met by an innocent-looking silence whose meek victimized air seems to put them in the wrong, and at last infects even the justest indignation with a doubt of its justice. He needed to recover the full sense that he was in the right by moderating his words.

"Can you not see, Rosamond," he began again, trying to be simply grave and not bitter, "that nothing can be so fatal as a want of openness and confidence between us? It has happened again and again that I have expressed a decided wish, and you have seemed to assent, yet after that you have secretly disobeyed my wish. In that way I can never know what I have to trust to. There would be some hope for us if you would admit this. Am I such an unreasonable, furious brute? Why should you not be open with me?"

Still silence.

"Will you only say that you have been mistaken, and that I may depend on your not acting secretly in future?" said Lydgate, urgently, but with something of request in his tone which Rosamond was quick to perceive. She spoke with coolness.

"I can not possibly make admissions or promises in answer to such words as you have used toward me. I have not been accustomed to language of that kind. You have spoken of my 'secret meddling,' and my 'interfering ignorance,' and my 'false assent.' I have never expressed myself in that way to you, and I think that you ought to apologize. You spoke of its being impossible to live with me. Certainly you have not made my life pleasant to me of late. I think it was to be expected that I should try to avert some of the hardships which our marriage has brought on me." Another tear fell as Rosamond ceased speaking, and she pressed it away as quietly as the first.

Lydgate flung himself into a chair, feeling checkmated. What place was there in her mind for a remonstrance to lodge in? He laid down his hat, flung an arm over the back of his chair, and looked down for some moments without speaking. Rosamond had the double purchase over him of insensibility to the point of justice in his reproach, and of sensibility to the undeniable hardships now present in her married life. Although her duplicity in the affair of the house had exceeded what he knew, and had really hindered the Plymdales from knowing of it, she had no consciousness that her action could rightly be called false. We are not obliged to identify our own acts according to a strict classification, any more than the materials of our grocery and clothes. Rosamond felt that she was aggrieved, and that this was what Lydgate had to recognize.

As for him, the need of accommodating himself to her nature, which was inflexible in proportion to its negations, held him as with pincers. He had begun to have an alarmed foresight of her irrevocable loss of love for him, and the consequent dreariness of their life. The ready fullness of his emotions made this dread alternate quickly with the first violent movements of his anger. It would assuredly have been a vain boast in him to say that he was her master.

"You have not made my life pleasant to me of late"—"the hardships which our marriage has brought on me"—these words were stinging his imagination as a pain makes an exaggerated dream. If he were not only to sink from his highest resolve, but to sink into the hideous fettering of domestic hate?

"Rosamond," he said, turning his eyes on her with a melancholy look, "you should allow for a man's words when he is disappointed and provoked. You and I can not have opposite interests. I can not part my happiness from yours. If I am angry with you, it is that you seem not to see how any concealment divides us. How could I wish to make any thing hard to you either by my words or conduct? When I hurt you, I hurt part of my own life. I should never be angry with you if you would be quite open with me."

"I have only wished to prevent you from hurrying us into wretchedness without any necessity," said Rosamond, the tears coming again from a softened feeling now that her husband had softened. "It is so very hard to be disgraced here among all the people we know, and to live in such a miserable way. I wish I had died with the baby."

She spoke and wept with that gentleness which makes such words and tears omnipotent over a loving-hearted man. Lydgate drew his chair near to hers and pressed her delicate head against his cheek with his powerful, tender hand. He only caressed her; he did not say any thing; for what was there to say? He could not promise to shield her from the dreaded wretchedness, for he could see no sure means of doing so. When he left her to go out again, he told himself that it was ten times harder for her than for him: he had a life away from home, and constant appeals to his activity on behalf of others. He wished to excuse every thing in her if he could—but it was inevitable that in that excusing mood he should think of her as if she were an animal of another and feebler species. Nevertheless she had mastered him.

CHAPTER LXVI.

"'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall."—*Measure for Measure.*

LYDGATE certainly had good reason to reflect on the service his practice did him in counteracting his personal cares. He had no longer free energy enough for spontaneous research and speculative thinking, but by the bedside of patients the direct external calls on his judgment and sympathies brought the added impulse needed to draw him out of himself. It was not simply that beneficent harness of routine which enables silly men to live respectably and unhappy men to live calmly—it was a perpetual claim on the immediate fresh application of thought, and on the consideration of another's need and trial. Many of us looking back through life would say that the kindest man we have ever known has been a medical man, or perhaps that surgeon whose fine tact, directed by deeply informed perception, has come to us in our need with a more sublime beneficence than that of miracle-workers. Some of that twice-blessed mercy was always with Lydgate in his work at the Hospital or in private houses, serving better than any opiate to quiet and sustain him under his anxieties and his sense of mental degeneracy.

Mr. Farebrother's suspicion as to the opiate was true, however. Under the first galling pressure of foreseen difficulties, and the first perception that his marriage, if it were not to be a yoked loneliness, must be a state of effort to go on loving without too much care about being loved, he had once or twice tried a dose of opium. But he had no hereditary constitutional craving after such transient escapes from the hauntings of misery. He was strong, could drink a great deal of wine, but did not care about it; and when the men round him were drinking spirits, he took sugar and water, having a contemptuous pity even for the earliest stages of excitement from drink. It was the same with gambling. He had looked on at a great deal of gambling in Paris, watching it as if it had been a disease. He was no more tempted by such winning than he was by drink. He had said to himself that the only winning he cared for must be attained by a conscious process of high, difficult combination tending toward a beneficent result. The power he longed for could not be represented by agitated fingers clutching a heap of coin, or by the half-barbarous, half-idiotic triumph in the eyes of a man who sweeps within his arms the ventures of twenty chapfallen companions.

But just as he had tried opium, so his thought now began to turn upon gambling—not with appetite for its excitement, but with a sort of wistful inward gaze after that easy way of getting money, which implied no asking and brought no responsibility. If he had been in London or Paris at that time, it is probable that such thoughts, seconded by opportunity, would have taken him into a gambling-house, no longer to watch the gamblers, but to watch with them in kindred eagerness. Repugnance would have been surmounted by the immense need to win, if chance would be kind enough to let him. An incident which happened not very long after that airy notion of getting aid from his uncle had been excluded, was a strong sign of the effect that might have followed any extant opportunity of gambling.

The billiard-room at the Green Dragon was the constant resort of a certain set, most of whom, like our acquaintance Mr. Bambridge, were regarded as men of pleasure. It was here that poor Fred Vincy had made part of his memorable debt, having lost money in betting, and been obliged to borrow of that gay companion. It was generally known in Middlemarch that a good deal of money was lost and won in this way; and the consequent repute of the Green Dragon as a place of dissipation naturally heightened in some quarters the temptation to go there. Probably its regular visitants, like the initiates of freemasonry, wished that there were something a little more tremendous to keep to themselves concerning it; but they were not a closed community, and many decent seniors as well as juniors occasionally turned into the billiard-room to see what was going on. Lydgate, who had the muscular aptitude for billiards, and was fond of the game, had once or twice in the early days after his arrival in Middlemarch taken his turn with a cue at the Green Dragon; but afterward he had no leisure for the game, and no inclination for the socialities there. One evening, however, he had occasion to seek Mr. Bambridge at that resort. The horse-dealer had engaged to get him a customer for his remaining good horse, for which Lydgate had determined to substitute a cheap hack, hoping by this reduction of style to get perhaps twenty pounds; and he cared now for every small sum, as a help toward feeding the patience of his tradesmen. To run up to the billiard-room, as he was passing, would save time.

Mr. Bambridge was not yet come, but would be sure to arrive by-and-by, said his friend Mr. Horrock; and Lydgate staid, playing a game for the sake of passing the time. That evening he had the bright dilated eyes and the unusual vivacity which had been once noticed in him by Mr. Farebrother. The exceptional fact of his presence was much noticed in the room, where there was a good deal of Middlemarch company; and several lookers-on, as well as some of the players, were betting with animation. Lydgate was playing well, and felt confident; the bets were dropping round him, and with a swift glancing thought of the probable gain which might double the sum he was saving from his horse, he began to bet on his own play, and won again and again. Mr. Bambridge had come in, but Lydgate did not notice him. He was not only excited with his play, but visions were gleaming on him of going the next day to Brassing, where there was gambling on a grander scale to be had, and where, by one powerful snatch at the devil's bait, he might carry it off without the hook, and buy his rescue from its daily solicitings.

He was still winning when two new visitors entered. One of them was a young Hawley, just come from his law studies in town, and the other was Fred Vincy, who had spent several evenings of late at this old haunt of his. Young Hawley, an accomplished billiard-player, brought a cool fresh hand to the cue. But Fred Vincy, startled at seeing Lydgate, and astonished to see him betting with an excited air, stood aside, and kept out of the circle round the table.

Fred had been rewarding resolution by a little laxity of late. He had been working heartily for six months at all out-door occupations under Mr. Garth, and by dint of severe practice had nearly mastered the defects of his handwriting, this practice being, perhaps, a little the less severe that it was often carried on in the evening at Mr. Garth's, under the eyes of Mary. But the last fortnight Mary had been staying at Lowick Parsonage with the ladies there, during Mr. Farebrother's residence in Middlemarch, where he was carrying out some parochial plans; and Fred, not seeing any thing more agreeable to do, had turned into the Green Dragon, partly to play at billiards, partly to taste the old flavor of discourse about horses, sport, and things in general, considered from a point of view which was not strenuously correct. He had not been out hunting once this season, had had no horse of his own to ride, and had gone from place to place chiefly with Mr. Garth in his gig, or on the sober cob which Mr. Garth could lend him. It was a little too bad, Fred began to think, that he should be kept in the traces with more severity than if he had been a clergyman. "I will tell you what, Mistress Mary, it will be rather harder work to learn surveying and drawing plans than it would have been to write sermons," he had said, wishing her to appreciate what he went through for her sake; "and as to Hercules and Theseus, they were nothing to me. They had sport, and never learned to write a book-keeping hand." And now, Mary being out of the way for a little while, Fred, like any other strong dog who can not slip his collar, had pulled up the staple of his chain and made a small escape, not of course meaning to go fast or far. There could be no reason why he should not play at billiards, but he was determined not to bet. As to money just now, Fred had in his mind the heroic project of saving almost all of the eighty pounds that Mr. Garth offered him, and returning it, which he could easily do by giving up all futile money-spending, since he had a superfluous stock of clothes, and no expense in his board. In that way he could, in one year, go a good way toward repaying the ninety pounds of which he had deprived Mrs. Garth, unhappily at a time when she needed that sum more than she did now. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that on this evening, which was the fifth of his recent visits to the billiard-room, Fred had, not in his pocket, but in his mind, the ten pounds which he meant to reserve for himself from his half-year's salary (having before him the pleasure of carrying thirty to Mrs. Garth when Mary was likely to be come home again)—he had those ten pounds in his mind as a fund from which he might risk something, if there were a chance of a good bet. Why? Well, when sovereigns were flying about, why shouldn't he catch a few? He would never go far along that road again; but a man likes to assure himself, and men of pleasure generally, what he could do in the way of mischief if he chose, and that if he abstains from making himself ill or beggaring himself, or talking with the utmost looseness which the narrow limits of human capacity will allow, it is not because he is a spooney. Fred did not enter into formal reasons, which are a very artificial, inexact way of representing the tingling returns of old habit, and the caprices of young blood: but there was lurking in him a prophetic sense that evening, that when he began to play he should also begin to bet—that he should enjoy some punch-drinking, and in general prepare himself for feeling "rather seedy" in the morning. It is in such indefinable movements that action often begins.

But the last thing likely to have entered Fred's expectation was that he should see his brother-in-law Lydgate—of whom he had never quite dropped the old opinion that he was a prig, and tremendously conscious of his superiority—looking excited and betting, just as he himself might have done. Fred felt a shock greater than he could quite account for by the vague knowledge that Lydgate was in debt, and that his father had refused to help him; and his own inclination to enter into the play was suddenly checked. It was a strange reversal of attitudes: Fred's blond face and blue eyes, usually bright and careless, ready to give attention to any thing that held out a promise of amusement, looking involuntarily grave and almost embarrassed as if by the sight of something unfitting; while Lydgate, who had habitually an air of self-possessed strength, and a certain meditativeness that seemed to lie behind his most observant attention, was acting, watching, speaking with that excited narrow consciousness which reminds one of an animal with fierce eyes and retractile claws.

Lydgate, by betting on his own strokes, had won sixteen pounds; but young Hawley's arrival had changed the poise of things. He made first-rate strokes himself, and began to bet against Lydgate's strokes, the strain of whose nerves was thus changed from simple confidence in his own movements to defying another person's doubt in them. The defiance was more exciting than the confidence, but it was less sure. He continued to bet on his own play, but began often to fail. Still he went on, for his mind was as utterly narrowed into that precipitous crevice of play as if he had been the most ignorant lounger there. Fred observed that Lydgate was losing fast, and found himself in the new situation of puzzling his brains to think of some device by which, without being offensive, he could withdraw Lydgate's attention, and perhaps suggest to him a reason for quitting the room. He saw that others were observing Lydgate's strange unlikeness to himself, and it occurred to him that merely to touch his elbow and call him aside for a moment might rouse him from his absorption. He could think of nothing cleverer than the daring improbability of saying that he wanted to see Rosy, and wished to know if she were at home this evening; and he was going desperately to carry out this weak device, when a waiter came up to him with a message, saying that Mr. Farebrother was below, and begged to speak with him.

Fred was surprised, not quite comfortably, but sending word that he would be down immediately, he went with a new impulse up to Lydgate, said, "Can I speak to you a moment?" and drew him aside.

"Farebrother has just sent up a message to say that he wants to speak to me. He is below. I thought you might like to know he was there, if you had any thing to say to him."

Fred had simply snatched up this pretext for speaking, because he could not say, "You are losing confoundedly, and are making every body stare at you; you had better come away." But inspiration could hardly have served him better. Lydgate had not before seen that Fred was present, and his sudden appearance with an announcement of Mr. Farebrother had the effect of a sharp concussion.

"No, no," said Lydgate; "I have nothing particular to say to him. But—the game is up—I must be going—I came in just to see Bambridge."

"Bambridge is over there, but he is making a row—I don't think he's ready for business. Come down with me to Farebrother. I expect he is going to blow me up, and you will shield me," said Fred, with some adroitness.

Lydgate felt shame, but could not bear to act as if he felt it, by refusing to see Mr. Farebrother; and he went down. But they merely shook hands and spoke of the frost; and when all three had turned into the street, the Vicar seemed quite willing to say good-by to Lydgate. His present purpose was clearly to talk with Fred alone, and he said, kindly, "I disturbed you, young gentleman, because I have some pressing business with you. Walk with me to St. Botolph's, will you?"

It was a fine night, the sky thick with stars, and Mr. Farebrother proposed that they should make a circuit to the old church by the London road. The next thing he said was,

"I thought Lydgate never went to the Green Dragon?"

"So did I," said Fred. "But he said that he went to see Bambridge."

"He was not playing, then?"

Fred had not meant to tell this, but he was obliged now to say, "Yes, he was. But I suppose it was an accidental thing. I have never seen him there before."

"You have been going often yourself, then, lately?"

"Oh, about five or six times."

"I think you had some good reason for giving up the habit of going there?"

"Yes. You know all about it," said Fred, not liking to be catechised in this Socratic way. "I made a clean breast to you."

"I suppose that gives me a warrant to speak about the matter now. It is understood between us, is it not?—that we are on a footing of open friendship: I have listened to you, and you will be willing to listen to me. I may take my turn in talking a little about myself?"

"I am under the deepest obligation to you, Mr. Farebrother," said Fred, in a state of uncomfortable surmise.

"I will not affect to deny that you are under some obligation to me. But I am going to confess to you, Fred, that I have been tempted to reverse all that by keeping silence with you just now. When somebody said to me, 'Young Vincy has taken to being at the billiard-table every night again—he won't bear the curb long;' I was tempted to do the opposite of what I am doing—to hold my tongue and wait while you went down the ladder again, betting first and then—"

"I have not made any bets," said Fred, hastily.

"Glad to hear it. But I say, my prompting was to look on and see you take the wrong turning, wear out Garth's patience, and lose the best opportunity of your life—the opportunity which you made some rather difficult effort to secure. You can guess the feeling which raised that temptation in me—I am sure you know it. I am sure you know that the satisfaction of your affections stands in the way of mine."

There was a pause. Mr. Farebrother seemed to wait for a recognition of the fact; and the emotion perceptible in the tones of his fine voice gave solemnity to his words. But no feeling could quell Fred's alarm.

"I could not be expected to give her up," he said, after a moment's hesitation: it was not a case for any pretense of generosity.

"Clearly not, when her affection met yours. But relations of this sort, even when they are of long standing, are always liable to change. I can easily conceive that you might act in a way to loosen the tie she feels toward you—it must be remembered that she is only conditionally bound to you—and that in that case, another man, who may flatter himself that he has a hold on her regard, might succeed in winning that firm place in her love as well as respect which you had let slip. I can easily conceive such a result," repeated Mr. Farebrother, emphatically. "There is a companionship of ready sympathy, which might get the advantage even over the longest associations."

It seemed to Fred that if Mr. Farebrother had had a beak and talons instead of his very capable tongue, his mode of attack could hardly be more cruel. He had a horrible conviction that behind all this hypothetic statement there was a knowledge of some actual change in Mary's feeling.

"Of course I know it might easily be all up with me," he said, in a troubled voice. "If she is beginning to compare—" He broke off, not liking to betray all he felt, and then said, by the help of a little bitterness, "But I thought you were friendly to me."

"So I am; that is why we are here. But I have had a strong disposition to be otherwise. I have said to myself, 'If there is a likelihood of that youngster doing himself harm, why should you interfere? Aren't you worth as much as he is, and don't your sixteen years over and above his, in which you have gone rather hungry, give you more right to satisfaction than he has? If there's a chance of his going to the dogs, let him—perhaps you could nohow hinder it—and do you take the benefit."

There was a pause, in which Fred was seized by a most uncomfortable chill. What was coming next? He dreaded to hear that something had been said to Mary—he felt as if he were listening to a threat rather than a warning. When the Vicar began again, there was a change in his tone like the encouraging transition to a major key.

"But I had once meant better than that, and I am come back to my old intention. I thought that I could hardly *secure myself* in it better, Fred, than by telling you just what had gone on in me. And now, do you understand me? I want you to make the happiness of her life and your own, and if there is any chance that a word of warning from me may turn aside any risk to the contrary—well, I have uttered it."

There was a drop in the Vicar's voice when he spoke the last words. He paused—they were standing on a patch of green where the road diverged toward St. Botolph's, and he put out his hand, as if to imply that the conversation was closed. Fred was moved quite newly. Some one highly susceptible to the contemplation of a fine act has said that it produces a sort of regenerating shudder through the frame, and makes one feel ready to begin a new life. A good degree of that effect was just then present in Fred Vincy.

"I will try to be worthy," he said, breaking off before he could say "of you as well as of her." And meanwhile Mr. Farebrother had gathered the impulse to say something more.

"You must not imagine that I believe there is at present any decline in her preference of you, Fred. Set your heart at rest, that if you keep right, other things will keep right."

"I shall never forget what you have done," Fred answered. "I can't say any thing that seems worth saying—only I will try that your goodness shall not be thrown away."

"That's enough. Good-by, and God bless you."

In that way they parted. But both of them walked about a long while before they went out of the starlight. Much of Fred's rumination might be summed up in the words, "It certainly would have been a fine thing for her to marry Farebrother—but if she loves me best and I am a good husband?"

Perhaps Mr. Farebrother's might be concentrated into a single shrug and one little speech. "To think of the part one little woman can play in the life of a man, so that to renounce her may be a very good imitation of heroism, and to win her may be a discipline!"

CHAPTER LXVII.

"Now is there civil war within the soul:
Resolve is thrust from off the sacred throne
By clamorous Needs, and the grand vizier Pride
Makes humble compact, plays the supple part
Of envoy and deft-tongued apologist
For hungry rebels."

HAPPILY Lydgate had ended by losing in the billiard-room, and brought away no encouragement to make a raid on luck. On the contrary, he felt unmixed disgust with himself the next day when he had to pay four or five pounds over and above his gains, and he carried about with him a most unpleasant vision of the figure he had made, not only rubbing elbows with the men at the Green Dragon, but behaving just as they did. A philosopher fallen to betting is hardly distinguishable from a Philistine under the same circumstances: the difference will chiefly be found in his subsequent reflections, and Lydgate chewed a very disagreeable cud in that way. His reason told him how the affair might have been magnified into ruin by a slight change of scenery—if it had been a gambling-house that he had turned into, where chance could be clutched with both hands instead of being picked up with thumb and forefinger. Nevertheless, though reason strangled the desire to gamble, there remained the feeling that, with an assurance of luck to the needful amount, he would have liked to gamble, rather than take the alternative which was beginning to urge itself as inevitable.

That alternative was to apply to Mr. Bulstrode. Lydgate had so many times boasted both to himself and others that he was totally independent of Bulstrode, to whose plans he had lent himself solely because they enabled him to carry out his own ideas of professional work and public benefit—he had so constantly in their personal intercourse had his pride sustained by the sense that he was making a good social use of this predominating banker, whose opinions he thought contemptible and whose motives often seemed to him an absurd mixture of contradictory impressions—that he had been creating for himself strong ideal obstacles to the proffering of any considerable request to him on his own account.

Still, early in March his affairs were at that pass in which men begin to say that their oaths were delivered in ignorance, and to perceive that the act which they had called impossible to them is becoming manifestly possible. With Dover's ugly security soon to be put in force, with the proceeds of his practice immediately absorbed in paying back-debts, and with the chance, if the worst were known, of daily supplies being refused on credit, above all with the vision of Rosamond's hopeless discontent continually haunting him, Lydgate had begun to see that he should inevitably bend himself to ask help from somebody or other. At first he had considered whether he should write to Mr. Vincy; but on questioning Rosamond he found that, as he had suspected, she had already applied twice to her father, the last time being since the disappointment from Sir Godwin; and papa had said that Lydgate must look out for himself. "Papa said he had come, with one bad year after another, to trade more and more on borrowed capital, and had had to give up many indulgences: he could not spare a single hundred from the charges of his family. He said, let Lydgate ask Bulstrode: they have always been hand and glove."

Indeed, Lydgate himself had come to the conclusion that if he must end by asking for a free loan, his relations with Bulstrode, more at least than with any other man, might take the shape of a claim which was not purely personal. Bulstrode had indirectly helped to cause the failure of his practice, and had also been highly gratified by getting a medical partner in his plans: but who among us ever reduced himself to the sort of dependence in which Lydgate now stood, without trying to believe that he had claims which diminished the humiliation of asking? It was true that of late there had seemed to be a new languor of interest in Bulstrode about the Hospital; but his health had got worse, and showed signs of a deep-seated nervous affection. In other respects he did not appear to be changed: he had always been highly polite, but Lydgate had observed in him from the first a marked coldness about his marriage and other private circumstances, a coldness which he had hitherto preferred to any warmth of familiarity between them. He deferred the intention from day to day, his habit of acting on his conclusion being made infirm by his repugnance to every possible conclusion and its consequent act. He saw Mr. Bulstrode often, but he did not try to use any occasion for his private purpose. At one moment he thought, "I will write a letter: I prefer that to any circuitous talk;" at another he thought, "No; if I were talking to him, I could make a retreat before any signs of disinclination."

Still the days passed and no letter was written, no special interview sought. In his shrinking from the humiliation of a dependent attitude toward Bulstrode, he began to familiarize his imagination with another step even more unlike his remembered self. He began spontaneously to consider whether it would be possible to carry out that puerile notion of Rosamond's which had often made him angry, namely, that they should quit Middlemarch without seeing any thing beyond that preface. The question came—"Would any man buy the practice of me even now, for as little as it is worth? Then the sale might happen as a necessary preparation for going away."

But against his taking this step, which he still felt to be a contemptible relinquishment of present work, a guilty turning aside from what was a real and might be a widening channel for worthy activity, to start again without any justified destination, there was this obstacle, that the purchaser, if procurable at all, might not be quickly forthcoming. And afterward? Rosamond in a poor lodging, though in the largest city or most distant town, would not find the life that could save her from gloom, and save him from the reproach of having plunged her into it. For when a man is at the foot of the hill in his fortunes, he may stay a long while there in spite of professional accomplishment. In the British climate there is no incompatibility between scientific insight and furnished lodgings: the incompatibility is chiefly between scientific ambition and a wife who objects to that kind of residence.

But in the midst of his hesitation, opportunity came to decide him. A note from Mr. Bulstrode requested Lydgate to call on him at the Bank. A hypochondriacal tendency had shown itself in the banker's constitution of late; and a lack of sleep, which was really only a slight exaggeration of an habitual dyspeptic symptom, had been dwelt on by him as a sign of threatening insanity. He wanted to consult Lydgate without delay on that particular morning, although he had nothing to tell beyond what he had told before. He listened eagerly to what Lydgate had to say in dissipation of his fears, though this too was only repetition; and this moment in which Bulstrode was receiving a medical opinion with a sense of comfort, seemed to make the communication of a personal need to him easier than it had been in Lydgate's contemplation beforehand. He had been insisting that it would be well for Mr. Bulstrode to relax his attention to business.

"One sees how any mental strain, however slight, may affect a delicate frame," said Lydgate at that stage of the consultation when the remarks tend to pass from the personal to the general, "by the deep stamp which anxiety will make for a time even on the young and vigorous. I am naturally very strong; yet I have been thoroughly shaken lately by an accumulation of trouble."

"I presume that a constitution in the susceptible state in which mine at present is, would be especially liable to fall a victim to cholera, if it visited our district. And since its appearance near London, we may well besiege the Mercy-seat for our protection," said Mr. Bulstrode, not intending to evade Lydgate's allusion, but really preoccupied with alarms about himself.

"You have at all events taken your share in using good practical precautions for the town, and that is the best mode of asking for protection," said Lydgate, with the strongest distaste for the broken metaphor and bad logic of the banker's religion, somewhat increased by the apparent deafness of his sympathy. But his mind had taken up its long-prepared movement toward getting help, and was not yet arrested. He added, "The town has done well in the way of cleansing, and finding appliances; and I think that if the cholera should come, even our enemies will admit that the arrangements in the New Hospital are a public good."

"Truly," said Mr. Bulstrode, with some coldness. "With regard to what you say, Mr. Lydgate, about the relaxation of my mental labor, I have for some time been entertaining a purpose to that effect—a purpose of a very decided character. I contemplate at least a temporary withdrawal from the management of much business, whether benevolent or commercial. Also I think of changing my residence for a time: probably I shall close or let 'The Shrubs,' and take some place near the coast—under advice, of course, as to salubrity. That would be a measure which you would recommend?"

"Oh yes," said Lydgate, falling backward in his chair, with strong impatience under the banker's pale earnest eyes and intense preoccupation with himself.

"I have for some time felt that I should open this subject with you in relation to our Hospital," continued Bulstrode. "Under the circumstances I have indicated, of course I must cease to have any personal share in the management, and it is contrary to my views of responsibility to continue a large application of means to an institution which I can not watch over and to some extent regulate. I shall therefore, in case of my ultimate decision to leave Middlemarch, consider that I withdraw other support to the New Hospital than that which will subsist in the fact that I chiefly supplied the expenses of building it, and have contributed further large sums to its successful working."

Lydgate's thought, when Bulstrode paused according to his wont, was, "He has perhaps been losing a good deal of money." This was the most plausible explanation of a speech which had caused rather a startling change in his expectations. He said in reply,

"The loss to the Hospital can hardly be made up, I fear."

"Hardly," returned Bulstrode, in the same deliberate, silvery tone; "except by some changes of plan. The only person who may be certainly counted on as willing to increase her contributions is Mrs. Casaubon. I have had an interview with her on the subject, and I have pointed out to her, as I am about to do to you, that it will be desirable to win a more general support to the New Hospital by a change of system."

Another pause, but Lydgate did not speak.

"The change I mean is an amalgamation with the Infirmary, so that the New Hospital shall be regarded as a special addition to the elder institution, having the same directing board. It will be necessary, also, that the medical management of the two shall be combined. In this way any difficulty as to the adequate maintenance of our new establishment will be removed; the benevolent interests of the town will cease to be divided."

Mr. Bulstrode had lowered his eyes from Lydgate's face to the buttons of his coat as he again paused.

"No doubt that is a good device as to ways and means," said Lydgate, with an edge of irony in his tone. "But I can't be expected to rejoice in it at once, since one of the first results will be that the other medical men will upset or interrupt my methods, if it were only because they are mine."

"I myself, as you know, Mr. Lydgate, highly valued the opportunity of new and independent procedure which you have diligently employed: the original plan, I confess, was one which I had much at heart, under submission to the Divine Will. But since providential indications demand a renunciation from me, I renounce."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THERE was an old Scotchman who always rode a donkey to his work, and tethered him while he worked on the road, or wherever else he might be. It was suggested to him by my grandfather that he was suspected of putting him to feed in the fields at other people's expense. "Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that, for my cuddy winna eat any thing but nettles and thistles." One day my grandfather was riding along the road, when he saw Andrew Leslie at work, and his donkey up to his knees in one of his clover fields feeding luxuriously. "Hello, Andrew," said he, "I thought you told me your cuddy would eat nothing but nettles and thistles?" "Ay," said he, "but he misbehaved the day; he nearly kicked me ower his head, sae I put him in there just to punish him."

A Virginia editor has come to the conclusion that a man might as well undertake to hold himself at arms-length and then turn a double somersault over a church steeple as to attempt to publish a paper that will suit every body.

This is the way a Western lecturer explained a phenomenon: "You have seen a cow, no doubt. Well, a cow is not a phenomenon. You have seen an apple-tree. Well, an apple-tree is not a phenomenon. But when you see the cow go up the tree tail foremost to pick apples, it is a phenomenon."

WHAT NEXT?—"Jimfiscated" is a new word cropping out in the papers. It seems to mean confiscated in a private way, as by a burglar with the aid of his jemmy—in fact, stolen.

GOOD PLACES FOR MATCH-MAKING—Sulphur springs.

When Prince Gonzago di Castiglione was in England he dined with Dr. Johnson at the house of a friend; and thinking it a polite as well as gay thing to drink the doctor's health, with some proof that he had read his works, called out from the head of the table to the bottom (that table filled with company), "To your good health, Mr. *Vagabond!*" The prince intended to compliment the doctor as the author of the *Rambler*, but mistook the word.

Josh Billings says: "Mackrel inhabit the sea, generally; but those which inhabit the grocery alwus taste to me as though they had been fatted on salt. They want a deal of freshening before they're eatin', and also arterward. If I kin have plenty of mackrel fur brekfast, I can generally make the other two meals out of water."

An Illinois paper consoles sportsmen for the light crop of prairie-chickens this year by remarking that it will make hunting better, for it will take longer to find them.

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mother began to rebuke him, and threatened to box his ears. He silenced her by inquiring, "What is the good of a hoss till it's broke?"

In Connecticut a certain justice was called to jail to liberate a worthless debtor by receiving his oath that he was not worth twenty dollars. "Well, Johnny," said the justice, on entering, "can you swear that you are not worth twenty dollars, and that you never will be?" "Why," answered the other, rather chagrined at the question, "I can swear that I'm not worth that amount at present." "Well, well," returned the justice, "I can swear the rest, so go along Johnny." And the man was sworn and discharged.

THE HEIGHT OF ADVERSITY—Pledging your word.

It is now fashionable in Ohio to stamp doughnuts with the monogram of the family.

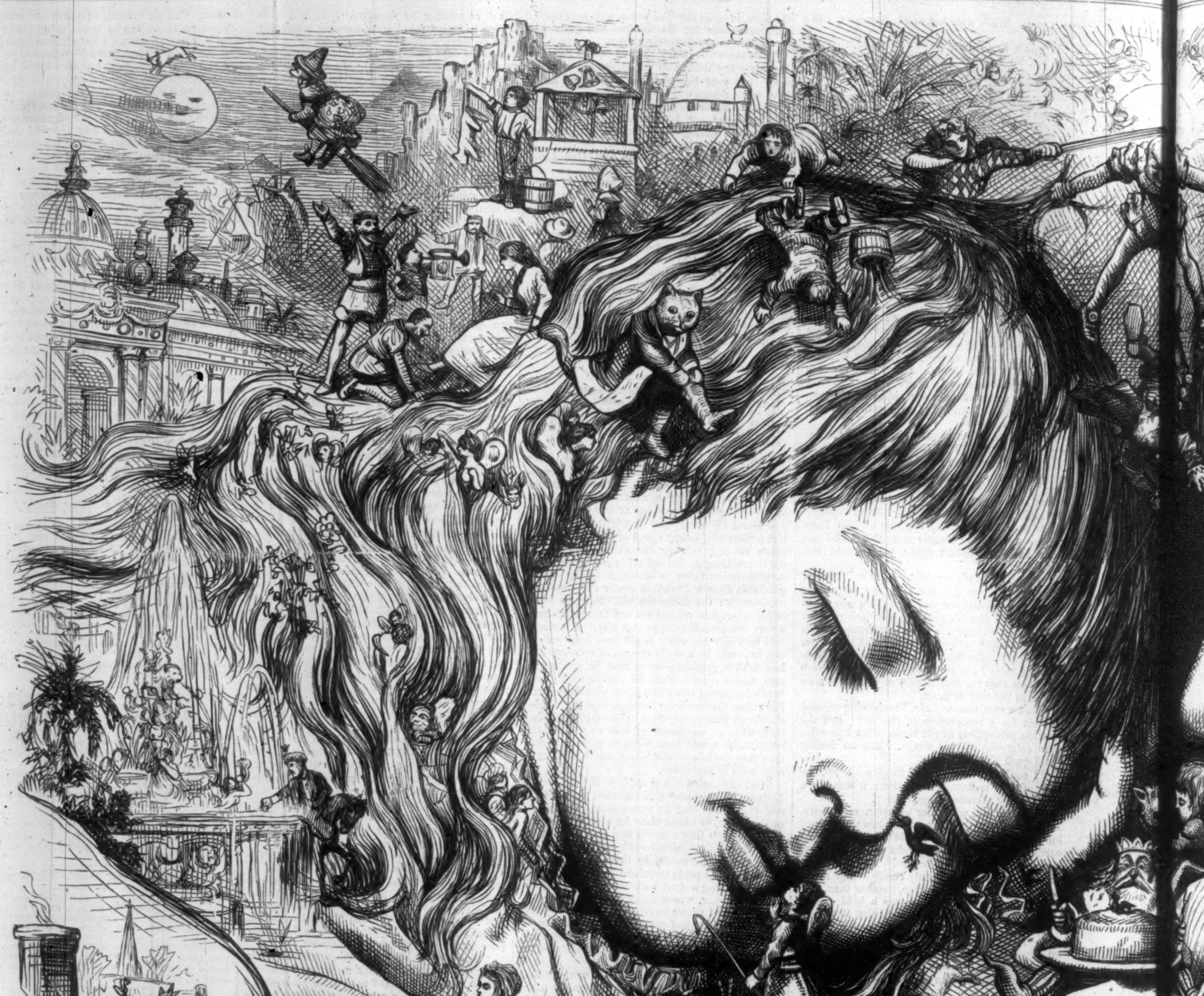
There is a station on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad called Hannah, in honor of a deceased citizen of Fort Wayne. A train stopped there the other day, and the brakeman, after the manner of his class, thrust his head inside the door and called out "Hannah" loud and long. A young lady, probably endowed with the poetic appellation of Hannah, supposing he was addressing her, and shocked at his familiarity on so short an acquaintance, frowned like a thunder-cloud and retorted, "Shut your mouth!" He shut it.

Congressmen, like corns, are often paired off.

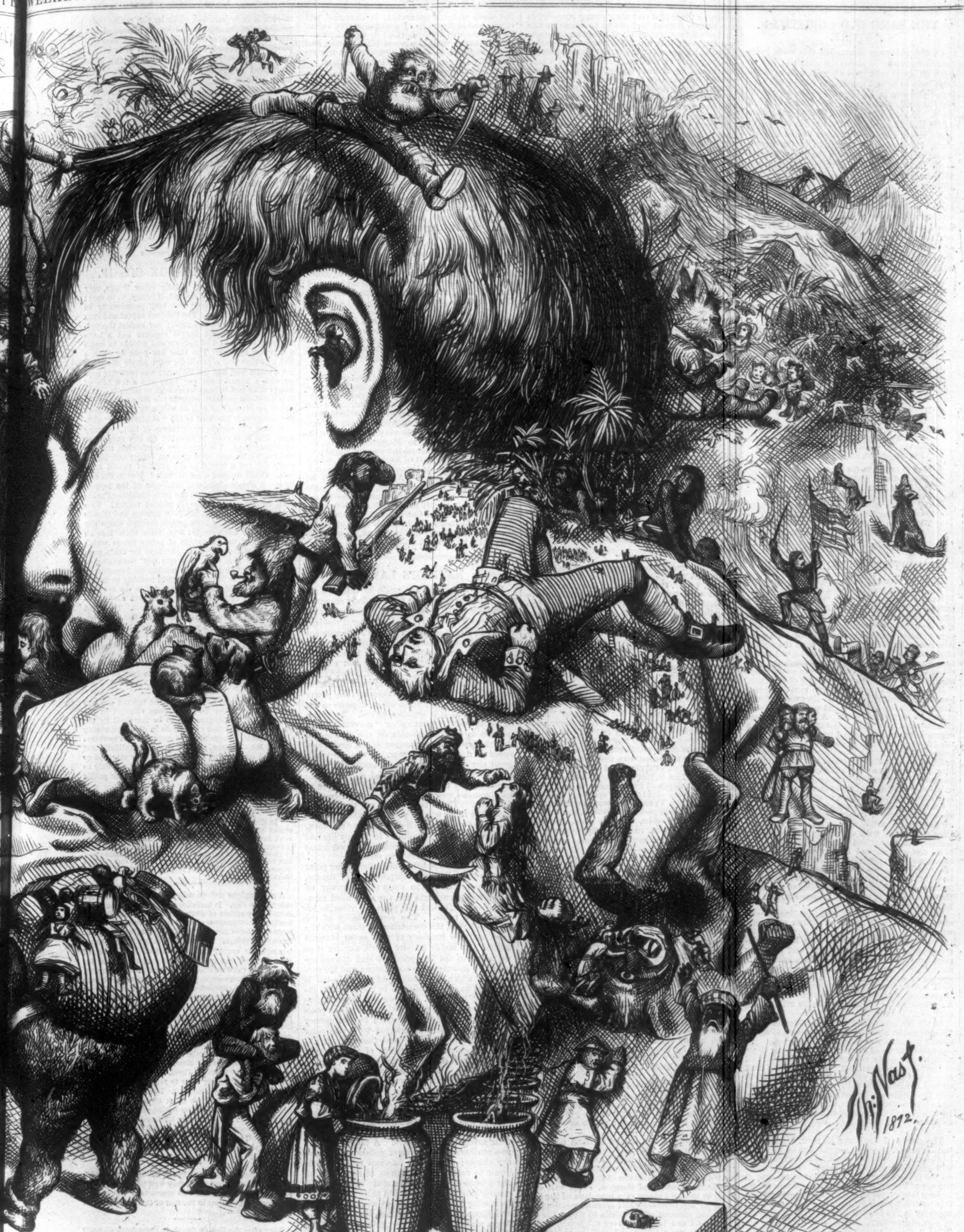
A GENTLE SNOB.—He is a very genteel and amiable young man, but he is now insane. He parts his hair in the middle. The other day, in combing his hair, he chanced to get two more hairs on one side than on the other. This destroyed the balance of his head and overturned his brain. He makes a very gentle lunatic, however.

A party hearing of a dog after Landseer wanted to know what he was after him for.

Boswell once asked Johnson if there was no possible circumstance under which suicide would be justifiable. "No," was the reply. "Well," says Boswell, "suppose a man had been guilty of fraud that he was certain would be found out." "Why, then," says Johnson, "in that case let him go to some country where he is not known, and not to the devil, where he is known."



THE SAME OLD CHRISTMAS STORY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TORY OVER AGAIN.—[See Page 10.]

THE SAME OLD CHRISTMAS STORY.

OUR double-page illustration this week is intended especially to please the children; but we have no doubt that grown people who have the happiness to be still youthful in feeling will take equal pleasure in its pictorial reminiscences of the stories that were the delight of their childish days. Mother Goose, Jack the Giant-Killer, Little Red Riding-Hood, Puss in Boots, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver tied down by the Lilliputians, Harlequin and Pantaloon in the pantomime, the wonderful story of the Forty Thieves—all these and many more run through the Christmas dreams of the sleeping children. We will not spoil our little readers' pleasure by further explanation of the picture. Let each one look it over for himself, and pick out the illustrations to his favorite stories. They will all be found there, though some are tucked away in odd corners, half hidden amidst clustering locks or in the folds of the bedclothes. But look sharply, little ones, and you will find a great deal more than you would believe at first sight.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

LILIES bright for the Virgin-mother;
  Gifts we bring for the Holy Child:
Pine and branches of Northern cedar,
  Ivy and flowers, have His altar piled.
We the King of the Jews are seeking,
  Tapers bearing and incense fume.
Bring the Christ, for the feast is waiting;
  Break, O star, on the midnight gloom!

Christ to-night in the highest heaven
  Drinks new wine in His kingdom old,
Morning-stars on His forehead shining,
  Red His raiment in burning fold.
Saint and seraph, in thronging glory,
  Palm and sceptre before Him cast—
The sun for splendor, the moon for beauty,
  His city shines, and its light shall last.

Sing, O earth! to the heavens answer!
  Sons of men with the angels sing.
Hail, thou Light and Desire of Nations,
  Sent our surety and hope to bring!
Out of Thy gifts we give each other,
  Out of Thy love like brothers greet,
Thanking Thee thou wast born of mother,
  Son of God, for Thy grace is sweet.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT a late meeting of the California Academy of Sciences a communication was made by Mr. WILLIAM H. DALL upon the recent explorations made by him in the Amaknak Island, on the shores of Captain's Bay, in Oonalaska. While making certain excavations for the location of a signal station on the northern end of the Amaknak Island he became satisfied, from the nature of the materials brought out, that he had found the site of an ancient village, although the oldest inhabitants in the vicinity were entirely ignorant of the existence of any thing of the kind.

He considers that the village must at least have antedated the Russian discovery of the Aleutian Islands in 1760; and possibly, indeed, it may be very much older. A careful examination revealed to Mr. DALL the existence of three depressions, each of which he considered to be the site of an Aleutian house of the ancient fashion—that is to say, half under-ground, and of sufficient size to accommodate a number of families, each having a compartment to itself. The houses were entered by a notched stick through an aperture in the middle of the roof, which afforded the only admittance to the light.

On digging the hole for the signal-staff, two stone lamps for burning seal-oil were found, made of soft porphyritic rock. When used they were filled with dry sphagnum soaked in seal-oil, which supplied both light and heat. A bone arrow-head was also obtained. Several skeletons were procured which had been partially walled up in a compartment of the house, it being the custom of the ancient Aleuts to make this disposition of the bodies of the dead, the survivors still inhabiting their share of the house as before.

Various bones of walrus, seals, sea-lions, bears, etc., together with shells of edible mollusks, were found.

Other articles of interest were bone implements, brought to a sharp edge, and probably used for dressing skins; and certain knives of a dark slate stone, shaped like a chopping-knife, spoons of carved bone with a grooved handle, awls made from the wing bones of birds, and various other objects, were secured. There was no ornamentation seen upon these articles except straight lines.

In all, Mr. DALL discovered the sites of seven villages on the island of Amaknak alone, of which one or two only were known to tradition.

Another mode of burial detected among these prehistoric people consisted in building a wall at the foot of an overhanging cliff until the rock above was reached, and outside a bank of earth or turf covered this wall. From the cavity inside the débris was removed, and in this space, upon layers of small sticks, the bodies were piled. In one place he found six skeletons, one above another.

The death of Professor KAISER, director of the Leyden Observatory, on the 28th of July last, has been already announced in our columns, but without any biographical detail. He was born on the 10th of June, 1808, at Amsterdam, and at the age of twenty was appointed assistant at the Leyden Observatory. He remained until 1837 in this position, when he became Professor of Astronomy in the Leyden University, and director of the observatory. By diligent effort he secured a suitable equipment for the establishment, and finally, in 1856, he obtained leave to erect the new observatory, which was ready for use in 1860. In 1866 he commenced the publication of the *Annals* of the observatory, of which three volumes have been issued, embracing many important papers in astronomy.

In a valuable manual of British ornithology, entitled *Hand-Book of British Birds*, lately published by Mr. J. E. HARTING, the species of the isles are divided into three groups. First, *Residents*, or those that rear their young annually in the British Islands, and are to be found in one part or another of the United Kingdom throughout the year; they are 130 in number. Second, *Periodical Migrants*, or those that arrive annually and regularly at particular seasons, and whose arrival and departure may be foretold with precision; these are 100 in number. Third, *Annual Visitants*, those that occur annually in some part of the British Islands, and in a comparatively limited number and at irregular intervals; in this group there are 30. In addition to the regular feathered inhabitants of the islands are the rare and accidental visitors, numbering 135; among which are 48 of European, 14 of Asiatic, 11 of African, and 42 of American origin, exclusive of oceanic birds.

One of the most striking features of the Vienna Exposition of 1873 will be a gigantic aquarium, to cost $175,000, and to be constructed by Mr. DRIVER, the architect of the Crystal Palace aquarium. It will be under the direction of Mr. LLOYD, the superintendent of the same establishment. The nearest sea-port, Trieste, is twenty hours distant by a fast train, and it is expected that the cost of the freight on the water to be used will amount to $5000. The tanks will contain nearly 200,000 gallons of sea-water, weighing about 2,000,000 pounds.

If this experiment be a success, there is nothing to prevent the construction of similar establishments in almost any city in the United States, and no little attention will be evoked to the practical workings of this branch of the Vienna Exposition.

In this same connection we may state that one of the appendages of Dr. DOHRN's newly established aquarium at Naples is to consist of a tank mounted on a railway car, in which animals can be carried from one part of Europe to another without the slightest inconvenience. Sleeping accommodations are provided for the attendants, and the water is to be kept in constant agitation by means of machinery worked by the wheels of the carriage.

Dr. FREDERICK WELWITSCH, a well-known African explorer and botanist, died in London on the 20th of October, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He early devoted himself to botanical pursuits, and became director of the Botanical Gardens of Lisbon. In 1853 he visited Angola for natural history purposes, remaining there until 1861. He made large collections in botany, and his name is perpetuated by the well-known *Welwitschia mirabilis*, which is one of the most extraordinary products of the vegetable kingdom.

A very remarkable microscopic animal is described in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopic Science*, by Dr. HUDSON, under the name of *Pedalion mira*, being a rotifer, with six large appendages, like the limbs of a crustacean, terminating in plumose hairs, and worked, as locomotive organs, by transversely striped muscles attached inside the appendages, which are, therefore, hollow, and identical in type with the limbs of insects and crustacea. The animal possesses at the same time a fine ciliated trochal disk, and a gizzard similar to that of other rotifers. The editor of the journal was supplied with specimens by their discoverer, and confirms his statements in every particular.

An account is given in the *Magazine of Natural History*, by VERKRUZEN, of a dredging excursion to Iceland in June and July of 1872. His labors were prosecuted in the bay of Reikiavik, where he had considerable difficulty in obtaining good boatmen, as the Icelanders were not accustomed to the labor of dredging, and were quite easily fatigued. The list of mollusca obtained, principally at a depth of from twenty to thirty fathoms, embraces eighty-three species; but what astonished Mr. VERKRUZEN was the absence of species of *Brachiopoda* and *Pecten* (except *islandicus*), *Lucina borealis*, *Cardium edule*, *Dentolium entalis*, and others, so frequently met with in Norway and other Northern coasts.

According to a return of a recent order of Parliament, the following are the statistics of the fisheries of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in 1869. The number of boats employed was 42,860, with an aggregate tonnage of 242,179 tons. The total number of persons engaged in fishing was 160,748. Of the boats in use 4856 belonged to what is called the first class, 27,001 to the second, and 11,003 to the third.

Professor COPE recently read a paper before the American Philosophical Society on an extinct mammal from Wyoming, which he called *Anaptomorphus æmulus*. The number of teeth in the lower jaw is precisely the same as in man and the higher apes, but their structure is more nearly that of certain lemurs at present existing in Madagascar and East Africa. This resemblance is closer than has yet been discovered to exist in any fossil genus, but is somewhat diminished by the separation by suture of the halves of the lower jaw. The animal was as large as a squirrel.

A statue has just been erected to the memory of Sir HUMPHREY DAVY at Penzance, in Cornwall, at a cost of £600. This is of massive granite, and is placed in front of the post-office, a few yards from the house in which he was born.

The report of the second German north polar expedition in 1869 and 1870, under Captain KOLDEWAY, is in an advanced stage of preparation, and will shortly be published by BROCKHAUS, under the direction of the German North Polar Association of Bremen. This will consist, in the first place, of a narrative of the voyages of the *Germania* and *Hansa*, including the thrilling account of the perils to which the latter vessel and her crew were subjected, as also a memoir upon Greenland and its earlier history. This portion of the work will embrace numerous maps and charts, with illustrations of the scenery of East Greenland, and of the adventures of the vessel. The second volume will be occupied entirely by a systematic account of the scientific results obtained in astronomy, botany, zoology, geology, meteorology, and hydrography, the geographical determinations, geodetic and magnetic observations, all accompanied by suitable illustrations. Among the collaborators of this part of the work are some of the most eminent naturalists in Germany, and it will undoubtedly be of great scientific value. The whole will be comprised in two stout octavo volumes, with numerous illustrations, and it is proposed to furnish the book at the remarkably low price of ten or twelve thalers.

Dr. HECTOR reports the discovery of a moa's egg, containing the bones of an embryo chick, and still more recently that of the cervical vertebræ of a full-sized bird, with a skin partly covered with feathers still attached by the shriveled muscles and ligaments. This was found in a cave near Otago, into which it, with other remains, had been washed. The color of the barbs of the feathers is a chestnut red. The surface of the skin is a dirty red-brown, roughened by elevated papillæ.

Still other remains, found in 1871, had attached to the bones parts of the bird's flesh, which was simply dried, and could be easily separated into fibres. This, according to Dr. HECTOR, proves that the moa must have existed at no very remote period in the province of Otago.

It is said that the French government proposes to appropriate £48,000 toward the rebuilding of the museum and conservatories of the *Jardin des Plantes*. There is also to be a sum of £8000 devoted to the construction of laboratories of chemistry and zoology, and for the completion of the reptile house.

It is proposed by the Derby and Chesterfield Institute of Engineers to endeavor to secure funds for the erection of a memorial hall, to cost from £20,000 to £30,000, in memory of GEORGE STEPHENSON.

Herr RADDE, the well-known traveler in Siberia, has been engaged since 1864 in exploring the Caucasus and the southern part of the Transcaucasus, and he has more recently traversed the eastern bank of the Caspian Sea in Lankeran, and the high plateaus of Armenia and its valleys. He has made some very interesting ethnological discoveries in Mongolia and in the Caucasus, and has visited the so-called grave of NOAH, to the southeast of Nachitschewan, which is environed by three thousand tombs of beautiful carved sandstone. At Nachitschewan he found stone hammers of diorite, and oval stones of the same material, with round holes in the centre, used probably as weights to fish nets.

He also ascended the summit of the Lesser Ararat, 5263 meters high, to the top of which the Tartars had carried their dead, in order to bury them at a sacred altitude.

NATURE'S LAWS.

FROM our study of the mode in which we arrive at those conceptions of the orderly sequence observable in the phenomena of nature which we call "laws," says Dr. W. B. Carpenter, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, we are led to the conclusion that they are human conceptions subject to human fallibility, and that they may or may not express the ideas of the great Author of Nature. To set up these laws as self-acting, and as either excluding or rendering unnecessary the power which alone can give them effect, appears to me as arrogant as it is unphilosophical. To speak of any law as "regulating" or "governing" phenomena is only permissible on the assumption that the law is the expression of the *modus operandi* of a governing power. I was once in a great city which for two days was in the hands of a lawless mob. Magisterial authority was suspended by timidity and doubt; the force at its command was paralyzed by want of resolute direction. The "laws" were on the statute-book, but there was no power to enforce them; and so the powers of evil did their terrible work, and fire and rapine continued to destroy life and property without check, until new power came in, when the reign of law was restored.

And thus we are led to the culminating point of man's intellectual interpretation of nature, his recognition of the unity of the power of which her phenomena are the diversified manifestations. Toward this point all scientific inquiry now tends. The convertibility of the physical forces, the correlation of these with the vital, and the intimacy of that *nexus* between mental and bodily activity which, explain it as we may, can not be denied, all lead upward toward one and the same conclusion; and the pyramid of which that philosophical conclusion is the apex has its foundation in the primitive instincts of humanity. By our own remote progenitors, as by the untutored savage of the present day, every change in which human agency was not apparent was referred to a particular animating intelligence. And thus they attributed not only the movements of the heavenly bodies, but all the phenomena of nature, each to its own deity. These deities were invested with more than human power; but they were also supposed capable of human passions and subject to human capriciousness. As the uniformities of nature came to be more distinctly recognized, some of these deities were invested with a dominant control, while others were supposed to be their subordinate ministers. A serene majesty was attributed to the greater gods who sit above the clouds; while their inferiors might "come down to earth in the likeness of men." With the growth of the scientific study of nature, the conception of its harmony and unity gained ever-increasing strength. And so among the most enlightened of the Greek and Roman philosophers we find a distinct recognition of the idea of the unity of the directing mind from which the order of nature proceeds; for they obviously believed that, as our modern poet has expressed it,

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

The science of modern times, however, has taken a more special direction. Fixing its attention exclusively on the order of nature, it has separated itself wholly from theology, whose function it is to seek after its cause. In this science is fully justified, alike by the entire independence of its objects and by the historical fact that it has been continually hampered and impeded in its search for the truth as it is in nature by the restraints which theologians have attempted to impose upon its inquiries. But when science, passing beyond its own limits, assumes to take the place of theology, and sets up its own conception of the order of nature as a sufficient account of its cause, it is invading a province of thought to which it has no claim, and not unreasonably provokes the hostility of those who ought to be its best friends.

For while the deep-seated instincts of humanity and the profoundest researches of philosophy alike point to mind as the one and only source of power, it is the high prerogative of science to demonstrate the unity of the power which is operating through the limitless extent and variety of the universe, and to trace its continuity through the vast series of ages that have been occupied in its evolution.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CHRISTMAS brings *toys*. Many other things, very pleasant and much to be desired, it brings, to be sure; but somehow toys stand out very prominently in thoughts of Christmas. The children expect and long for them as a matter of course; and amidst the profusion of the present day it requires not a little thinking on the part of parents and friends to make a selection of toys. The time has gone by when a ball of twine and a jackknife were ample diversion for a smart boy, and the little girl was perfectly happy with a home-made rag baby and a few bits of bright silks and ribbons wherewith to adorn it. And it is a serious question whether the little folks of to-day enjoy themselves half as well with the ingenious playthings now provided as did "old-fashioned" children with the simple contrivances of half a century ago. But it is folly to moralize on this subject at Christmas time. The shops are overflowing, and the children's eyes have been growing bigger and bigger every day for a month at the sight of untold marvels. Could we give a list of them? Not in *one* column. A simple alphabetic catalogue of the toys in one of our large houses in the trade consists of more than twenty pages of closely printed matter! Two things *may* be done by judicious parents and friends while accompanying little people through shops gay with holiday allurements: first, train them into an enjoyment of the thousands of pretty things which they *can not* buy; secondly, purchase for them such toys as will give each "*my own self*" something to do. The plaything in which mechanical ingenuity is carried so far as to leave the child nothing to do but look on is a mistake, not only so far as the development of the faculties is concerned, but also as respects the real enjoyment derived from it. The great joy of childhood is to *do something*. But "Christmas comes but once a year," and every body should make it a point to be as happy as possible himself and make all about him so also. The shop-keepers set out their beautiful things for the holidays. We can all look and admire, even if the purse is not heavy; if money abounds, there is no lack of things to purchase.

The comfort and happiness of the veteran soldiers connected with the Soldiers' Home situated in the outskirts of Washington are to be increased by the purchase and addition of grounds in direct proximity to the Home. These grounds comprise the country-seat of Mr. Corcoran, and are already beautifully laid out; and when added to the park already attached to the Home will be a source of great delight not only to the soldier wards of the government, but to the public generally.

A recent writer thinks *beans* have a moral use in the State-prison at Charlestown, Massachusetts. He says:

"In the kitchen there I have seen rows of convicts seated at the long table sorting over the beans for next day's dinner—throwing away the black and imperfect ones. This is the first step toward awakening in these degraded beings the distinction between good and bad. When they have learned to sort out the bad beans, they have taken one step in the formation of a moral character."

A most unique artistic collection is now offered for sale in this city. It includes more than one hundred sketches by artists of distinction, both American and foreign, photographs of persons of renown, and a large number of genuine autographs, with many other interesting things. This valuable collection was made through the energy and influence of Mrs. Botta, of this city, and was originally designed to be sold for the relief of the destitute French after the German war. The project, however, so grew on the originator's hands that it was not completed in season for that purpose. It is now proposed to devote the proceeds of it to the establishment of a girls' school in Paris, the school to be conducted on the American system. The price of the collection is $6000, and the purchaser will be regarded as the founder of the school.

Is any one disposed to be harsh, unforgiving, or uncharitable at Christmas time, he should not fail to read Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. In fact, it would be a good thing for every body to read that story annually, just as the year is waning. It would open wider the hearts of all; and we think those inclined to be hard and miserly would, after reading Scrooge's vision, say with him: "I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons they teach."

The tall hats and bonnets of the ladies, adorned with feathers, flowers, and laces, may well be called "Mansards." And at lectures and concerts it would be a great comfort to those in the rear of them if they could be removed.

Soon after the Boston fire there came from all parts of the country offers of assistance to those who had seriously suffered. These offers were declined, on the ground that Boston needed no outside aid. But it now appears that thousands of men and women, thrown out of employment, are suffering and must be helped.

The recent death of Viscountess Beaconsfield, wife of Mr. Disraeli, terminates a remarkably happy married life of thirty-three years. It is said that "so far as is known, no couple ever spent a more pleasant domestic existence in a country famous for its conjugal attachments than did Mr. Disraeli and his wife, whose loss he so much deplores." His devotion to her was no more marked than her affection for him. In 1868 the Queen offered Mr. Disraeli a peerage, which he declined for himself, but mentioned that any thing her Majesty could do for his wife would be more acceptable than any honor conferred upon himself. When, therefore, Mrs. Disraeli was made Viscountess Beaconsfield, her husband was heartily proud and happy. Mr. Disraeli's London residence is facing a part of Hyde Park, where often this devoted couple were seen at sunny noontide, taking their daily walk.

One of the most striking evidences of the carelessness of Americans is found in the statistics of the report of the Postmaster-General for the last fiscal year. It seems that during that time there passed through the Post-office 4641 letters without any address whatever upon them; 62,337 were misdirected, some necessary part of the address being omitted; and 312,846 were detained for postage, not being prepaid as required by law.

Every year, according to newspaper accounts, winter sets in with unusual severity. Certainly this December has brought some bitter cold weather in all sections of the country, from Maine to California. Heavy snow-storms fell all about us, and our turn will soon come. And, to be sure, snow and ice are never more seasonable than at Christmas.

The "New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor" has for its object the relief of the worthy poor who require temporary help to recover themselves and save themselves from the loss of self-respect and the permanent debasement of pauperism. The organization includes the entire city and county, which is divided into districts, and the districts subdivided into sections, to each of which a visitor is appointed. Assistance is not given until the visitor ascertains personally the condition of the applicant. There are thousands of cases in a great city like this where counsel, sympathy, and timely aid will save the wretched from sinking into despair and vicious modes of life. During the winter months there is special suffering among the poor, of course, which this association strives to relieve as far as its funds will permit.

Poor Boston's crooked streets get back-handed knocks from all sides. A Maine paper says: "A few wicked wags here enjoyed themselves lately watching an elderly gentleman trying to find Washington Street, Boston, on a dress chart cut from *Harper's Bazar*."

A correspondent of an Ohio newspaper relates an incident of General Grant which came under his own observation. It occurred during the war, while our army lay at City Point, on the James River, in Virginia. One afternoon, when the narrator was walking out with the general, he being in military undress, with nothing to indicate his rank, they passed a boy of ten or twelve years of age, fishing.

GRANT. "Bub, have you good luck?"

BOY. "Not very; they don't bite to-day."

GRANT. "You have got a few here; won't you give them to me?"

The tears started in the little fellow's eyes as he said, "I have had no breakfast to-day and no dinner, and if I don't sell my fish I shall have nothing to get me a supper."

General Grant inquired as to his history. The boy was a native of Michigan, and his mother was a widow. To obtain money to support his widowed mother he went into the army as a waiter for a captain of the Michigan troops. The captain was dead, and the boy had not a friend left.

GRANT. "Bub, do you know where Grant's quarters are?"

BOY. "Yes, Sir."

GRANT. "Bring your fish up there at ten o'clock, and he will buy them."

Punctually at the time the boy was on hand with his string of fish, but was promptly stopped by the orderly in front of the quarters. General Grant, hearing the order, stepped out, took the little fellow by the hand, led him into his quarters, and becoming satisfied with the truth of his story, procured for him a suit of clothes, a hat, a free pass on the railroads home, and gave him $50 in money.

Shall we not bear in mind one of the pleasant Christmas customs of Sweden? A small sheaf of wheat is hung up in front of the houses at Christmas as a winter provision for the birds, who would perish in that Northern clime without some such supply. Let us not forget the useful little English sparrows that come so trustfully to our doors and windows, silently asking for the crumbs.

Navigation upon our great lakes is rather perilous, if the records of the past year be any criterion. There have been no less than 863 serious disasters to vessels sailing upon them within the last twelvemonth, most of them having occurred since August. Of this number 209 vessels were driven ashore, 80 becoming total wrecks.

It is stated that there are only two good oil paintings of Mr. Edwin Forrest—one, taken when he was quite a young man, by the celebrated Gilbert Stuart, and the other painted by West, the same who painted Lord Byron, and which Mr. Forrest presented to his wife on the day of their separation.

The President of France usually dines as follows: A plate of soup, the wing of a chicken, a few leaves of salad, a glass of claret, and bonbons *ad libitum*. If he wishes to dine heartily he adds a mutton-chop. Instead of Champagne or liquors, he indulges in humorous conversation and sparkling witticisms.

Apples are said to be both "food and medicine" not only for cattle but for horses. Farmers are advised to deal them out with discretion, and note the results.

During the past year the number of male students in the Zurich University has been one hundred and fifty-one, and the female students fifty-one. For six years the university has been open to ladies. Two years ago the medical faculty of Würzburg made inquiries of the authorities at Zurich as to whether any inconvenience or difficulty had arisen from the joint attendance in classes. The answer was that the presence of lady students in theoretical and practical courses had given rise to no disturbance. It was further stated that the professors believed that to the earnest love of work and tact displayed by the ladies studying there, as well as to the political education and peaceable disposition of the Swiss students, the above favorable results were to be attributed.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

SAID Leonore, "What joy to hear
The Christmas bells ring out so clear!"
"They do, indeed, my joy enhance,"
Said I, with secret ardent glance.
The maiden watched the old church tower:
I could have watched her by the hour.

"And do you love the bells?" asked she.
"I love one belle," said I, with glee:
"One Christmas belle, of all the rest,
Could sing the song would please me best."
"And pray, Sir, will you kindly show
The bell you seem to fancy so?"

Then drew I to the mirror near;
"My sweet Leonore, behold it here!
No church-tower bell for me," I cried:
"My Christmas belle is by my side."
Said she, "What next, Sir, will you do?"
"Ring wedding bells," said I, "with you!"

(Continued from No. 834, page 1015.)

LITTLE KATE KIRBY.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "For Her Sake," "A Bridge of Glass," "Mattie: A Stray," "No Man's Friend," "Poor Humanity," etc., etc.

Book the Third.

A FRESH START.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TEST OF CONFIDENCE.

To be asked to affix one's name to a document which has not been perused by the party whose signature is required, is a proceeding at all times of a suspicious nature. I might have learned to trust a little in Abel Westmair, to believe that he was no longer my *bête noire*, to place no credence in my sister Kate's doleful prophecies; but I was not a woman to pass from one extreme to another, and to dash from the gravest doubts to an illimitable confidence. There was nothing, I thought, which could affect my position by a signature. I was not worth money, and there was no one with money who had any thought of leaving it to me; but I drew back with an instinctive caution from the desk, the outstretched hand with the pen in it, and the dark intent face bent toward me.

"No—I will not sign in this manner," I said.

"For the reason that you distrust me?"

"For the reason that I do not know what is the nature of the document you wish me to sign, or in what way it will benefit you if I sign it."

"It will not benefit me at all. I doubt," he added, after a pause, "that it will be of any benefit to you."

I made no movement to advance more closely to the desk again, and after a while he dropped his pen, and said, slowly,

"No—you have no confidence in me. It is strange, but no one has, except my little girl."

"It is not a question of confidence, Mr. Westmair," I said. "You ask me to sign a paper which I have not read—would you, in the business relations of your life, affix your name thus recklessly?"

"Certainly not."

"Then how can you expect me, who know so little of business?"

"And of me?" he added.

"And of you," I answered, thus appealed to.

I fancied for an instant that the corners of his mouth twitched again in that strange repressive way, which appeared to indicate a sense of enjoyment struggling to escape from a nature that trouble had rendered saturnine, although his face did not brighten at my womanly obstinacy.

"This is not business exactly," he said.

"What is it, then?"

"You will not trust me, without an explanation," he said. "I admire your caution, but I would prefer your faith in my word."

"I have not said that I doubt your word, Mr. Westmair."

"You doubt me, when you suspect that I should lead you into a snare," he said, sharply.

"I doubt any one who has not the courage to explain," I said, in as tetchy a manner as his own, for his persistency aggravated me, and I had made up my mind not to sign the paper without a knowledge of its contents.

"You have no right to imply that I have not the courage, Miss Kirby."

"You have no right to persuade me to sign this," I retorted.

"I am going to sign it myself," was his cool answer.

It was an answer that surprised me, but it did not alter my intention. I was walking toward the door of the study when he said, sharply,

"Don't go, if you please. I will read you the paper, then."

I must confess to feeling a little ashamed of having got the better of this skirmish with the firm man who ruled at Broomfield and in Watling Street; there was so strange an expression on his face. It implied disappointment rather than vexation, for though he would have trusted no man himself, he was proud of every one trusting in him. He would have been glad of my implicit belief in him; it was the test of my confidence after all, and I had shown, perhaps too plainly, my doubts. I had acted with commendable precaution; but this precise man would have preferred my own rash impulse.

He began, and I held my breath with astonishment, until I found a sufficient amount wherewith to interrupt him.

"The Humble Petition of Jonathan Kirby, now a prisoner in the City House of Correction, Holloway, showeth—"

"The petition of—of—my father!" I cried. "Oh! Mr. Westmair, what does it mean? Pray tell me. Don't read it yet?"

"Your father has petitioned for his release on account of his increasing ill health in Holloway Prison," explained Mr. Westmair; "the surgeon has certified to his inability to live a great while longer."

"Oh, Sir!" I exclaimed.

"I don't believe in these certificates myself, and it is your father's policy to make the worst of his case," said Mr. Westmair. "Ill health is his plea, and if you back his petition by your signature as his daughter, and if I as prosecutor—there will be no chance of his release without it—also append my name here in his favor, it is said that there is a strong probability of his obtaining a release. I have heard that cases of this kind are treated with much kindness and consideration at head-quarters, and your father begs hard that I will not stand in the way of his liberty. He expresses great contrition for his crime, and though, frankly, I do not place credence in his protestations, and disbelieve in his assurances that there shall come a time when the money will be made good, I intend to sign the petition in the name of Westmair & Son."

"Please let me read it for myself," I said, feverishly.

I was utterly bewildered; it was a new trouble and a new joy together. My father was ill, very ill, or there had been no chance of his obtaining his release; but he was penitent, and with God's mercy he might soon be free. I did not take into consideration how this would affect my after-life; I only realized the idea of his release, and the clemency of the man who had lost much money by my father's dishonesty. I read the paper as well as I could for the tears that kept rising to my eyes. I tried to understand the surgeon's report affixed as to the hopeless nature of the case—it seemed to me that he was only coming out to die—but I was confused, and it was like a dream.

"I wish that I had trusted you now, Mr. Westmair," I faltered forth, as I returned the paper; "I did not know—I did not think—how can I thank you for your assistance to my father—for all this consideration for me?"

"By entertaining a better opinion of me for the future—shall I say that?" he asked.

He smiled this time, but though I was grateful, my heart was heavy with the prospect of my father's fading life, and I could not smile back in return. The formal report of the surgeon was Jonathan Kirby's death-warrant, I was certain.

We both set our names to the petition, and Abel Westmair was folding the paper, when Aunt Jane came into the room with a lamb-like skip, through the door that opened on the corridor.

"I beg your pardon, Abel; I thought that you must have gone to your room," she cried. "Miss Kirby—oh, my gracious!—really I had no idea that you were here with Mr. Westmair."

"Miss Kirby came here to explain, as I said she would, Jane," said Mr. Westmair, with a sharpness of demeanor that it required some nerve to confront; "my father gave her a note, and she very properly brought it to me, knowing my father's eccentric disposition. Thank you again, Miss Kirby, for your frankness, and your confidence."

I could almost believe that there was a faint ring of satire in his last words, had it not been for his grave face. Aunt Jane was mystified and embarrassed; she looked from her brother-in-law to me, and from me to the paper in Abel Westmair's hands; she was a curious woman, and in this instance her curiosity had been baffled. Why I had ventured into the master's study, and confronted him at his work—why he had allowed the intrusion, and reconciled himself to so indecorous a proceeding as a *tête-à-tête* with me—were all fragments of an impenetrable mystery. I was evidently a dangerous young woman, as well as a sly one.

Aunt Jane and I went out of the room together, and Mr. Westmair shut the door politely after us.

"I must say—I really must say, Miss Kirby, that this is altogether a strange proceeding," she burst forth. "It must strike you that you have acted very indiscreetly in closeting yourself with Mr. Westmair in this fashion."

"I can trust Mr. Westmair," I answered, calmly, "and Mr. Westmair knows that he can rely upon my discretion."

"You told me that you were going to your room."

"The contents of old Mr. Westmair's letter to me required that I should see his son at once."

"What contents were they, then?" she asked, eagerly.

"Mr. Abel Westmair, I have no doubt, will inform you in the morning," I said, with an elaborate little courtesy; "good-night, madam."

Was it the beginning of a battle between me and this dictatorial, disagreeable, suspicious woman who was enthroned in Abel Westmair's house? Had I grown defiant? had some of my little Kate's spirit—even her spirit of aggravation—fallen to my share, of late days, that I should let Aunt Jane see that I could stand upon defense? I would have preferred peace at Broomfield. I was not naturally disputatious; I should have been glad to like Aunt Jane; I was only a woman. Aunt Jane had told her son that I was a sly girl, and that she did not believe in my "mincing meekness," and after that it was hard to be civil to one who had said Heaven knows what besides in disparagement of me to one who—well, if he even believed his own mother, I should despise him very heartily.

In my room I cried a little. It was not a good cry, and therefore it did not do me any good. The night had been eventful, and there had been more surprises than one in it. I seemed to be beginning to understand the people by whom I was surrounded, at the very moment they were beginning to misunderstand me; and there were joy, and sorrow, and perplexity in the prospect of my father's coming liberation. In that time what would become of him?—what would become of Faith Kirby?

CHAPTER IX.

A HUMBLE APOLOGY.

THERE was no probability of seeing my father yet awhile, and though I wrote to him the next morning, it was with the consciousness that it was against the rules, and that until "letter-day" came round my epistle would not be delivered by the authorities. I asked him for his confidence; I begged that he would let me know his future intentions, and in the hope that he would obtain his liberty, I expressed a wish to share my life with him. I forgot, until my letter was posted, all that consideration of ways and means, which people of greater calculating powers would have remembered earlier. I offered him a daughter's faithful service, but he never wrote to thank me for it. His life, and all his thoughts, were still as much a blank to me as the high wall that hedged him in. He left me in suspense. He told me afterward that he feared the Westmairs, and their advice to me and for him, but the motive of his silence I could only guess at then.

On the evening of the next day, Abel Westmair was the first who came to my side after dinner. This was a compliment, for it was his custom to devote his drawing-room leisure to Ettie. I was flattered by his attention, and Aunt Jane had a fit of little nervous coughing behind her silver tea-urn, and I went down one degree more in her estimation. I was very sly indeed!

Was I beginning to understand Abel Westmair a little, that I felt pleased that he should come to me, the dependent in his house, or was it satisfaction at the thought that he was not offended at my not taking him at his word, and signing my name at his dictation? If he would only take the trouble to relax more frequently the muscles of his mouth, and to be less like Don Quixote in the matter of a rueful countenance, what a different man he might get to be in time!

"I have seen your father to-day, Miss Kirby," he said, as he sat down. He spoke in a low voice, and Aunt Jane gave up attempting to take notes of our conversation. We were six feet from her, and the tea-urn was hissing frightfully. She saw my start of surprise at her brother-in-law's communication, and brooded upon what the nature of it might be. She could not talk to her son for thinking of it, and Martin was not regarding us either with a very amiable expression.

"You have seen him, Mr. Westmair!" I exclaimed. "How did you obtain permission?—is he very ill?—what does he say?"

"I obtained a special permission," said Abel, answering my questions in his usual precise way, "having a little influence in the City. I don't think that he is very ill—my own opinion is that he is making the worst of it—and he says that he is sorry, and will never do it again."

Was Abel Westmair a humorist after all? Had I so completely mistaken his character as to set him down as one of the dullest and sternest of men, when his sense of the oddities and crudities of life was of the keenest description? It could not be possible—no, he was not a humorist—scarcely a satirist, though he could hold his ground with his nephew Martin, or Martin's mother, when it pleased him.

"Your father really told me this," he said in a different tone, and with "half-lights" in his face; that is to say, that the shadows were less, and that he almost smiled at me.

"He might mean that he was truly penitent."

"I hope he is; if it had been a sudden temptation, I might have thought so," Abel answered; "but your father is a strange man altogether."

"Yes," I assented, with a sigh, "I do not understand him."

"He is very sanguine of better health and better fortune out of prison."

"Had he received a letter from me?"

"He did not speak of it."

"I have spoken of sharing his life when he is free."

"*When* he is free we will consider that natural but very absurd proposition," said Abel.

"Why is it absurd, Mr. Westmair?" I said, indignantly.

"Because it is," was his illogical answer, and away went the "half-lights," unless they were flashing in his eyes; "you can not leave here at a moment's notice, and your father's life is not fit for you to share, even if he should wish it, which I doubt."

"We must live together, if we can," I said.

"Starve together, you mean," he snapped forth, as he rose and crossed to his daughter Ettie.

That was a cruel stab to leave quivering in my heart, and I was sure again that I hated Abel Westmair. I forgot his kindness of last night, his signing of the petition, his visit to my father that morning, and only thought that he was a disagreeable, bad-tempered, and "stuck-up" being, with his polish all in the factory, hermetically sealed away in big tubs.

I did not think so badly of him again later in the evening. There was a game of croquet on the lawn between Ettie and me, and it was a warm dry summer night, when the garden was pleasant in the twilight. Martin Westmair had sauntered forth, cigar in mouth, and insisted upon joining us; and his mother assuming, for the first time for three days, a cheerful aspect, had condescended to take a mallet also, immediately that her son had appeared on the scene. Old Mr. Westmair was dozing in the drawing-room, and Abel—this was worthy of recording—was walking slowly round the lawn, deep in the study of the gravel, instead of his books in the library. Once or twice he paused to watch the play, with the same grim aspect to which I had grown accustomed, and on the first occasion that he came to a full stop, Martin cried out,

"Take a mallet, Abe—it will do you a world of good, and put no end of muscles into play."

"No, thank you," was the answer.

"You don't like croquet?" Martin asked, in well-feigned surprise.

"I consider it a very unmanly amusement," replied his uncle.

"Ah! you like cricket, Abe?" cried Martin; "come into the meadow, and I'll play you at single wicket for a sovereign."

"Thank you, no," said Abel, with polite preciseness; then he put his hands behind him and resumed his perambulations, stopping not again to watch the game, and proceeding after a while toward the orchard beyond the garden.

"Old Abe is off to get the stumps out," said Martin, laughing, as his uncle walked away.

"Martin, how can you be so ridiculous?" said his mother, in a quick stage-whisper to him. "You know Ettie tells every thing—and that Abel does not like it."

"Dash it! if I must not say a word without fear of offending my uncle, it is hard. And this is joking pure and simple, mother."

"Very simple indeed," said Mrs. Westmair, dryly.

When the croquet was finished, and we were standing on the lawn together—Aunt Jane still determined upon keeping an eye upon me, I thought with feminine uncharitableness—Abel Westmair returned at the same slow pace.

"The croquet is finished, then," he said to Ettie.

"Yes, and Faith and I have beaten aunt and Martin."

"I think that you should call her Miss Faith, Ettie," he said, reprovingly.

"I generally do, except when we are quite alone, papa," the child explained; "that was only a slip of mine."

"Miss Kirby is the proper designation by which—" Aunt Jane had begun to say, when Ettie interrupted her.

"Oh! I have got over that, aunt—I can't Miss any body I love—and oh! I do love you, Faith. You're the first of them!"

The child clasped her arms round the skirts of my dress in her impulse, and held up her face to be kissed. I was very glad that she had learned to like me, but if she had not told me so before Aunt Jane and her father, it would have been less embarrassing. The aunt was a jealous woman—all women are jealous, the men tell us—and she walked away into the drawing-room, disturbed by Ettie's praise of me. She took her son's arm by way of escort, and added for our especial edification that the dews were heavy, before she left us.

"Yes, it is late, Ettie," said Abel Westmair; "Miss Kirby must take you in and give you in charge to the nurse. One moment, Miss Kirby," he added, as I proceeded to follow his suggestions.

Ettie and I stopped, and he said,

"I was very insulting in my remarks after dinner—I ask your pardon."

He said it with earnestness, and bent his head in humble apology before me. Ettie listened attentively, glancing from her father's face to mine, but made no remark upon the conversation.

"It is granted, Mr. Westmair," I replied, in confusion.

"I was vexed—I am easily vexed, unfortunately—that you should think of sacrificing your position here. It is not much to sacrifice, certainly, but this is a home which in time you might have learned to like—while your father may not even be grateful for your companionship."

"I hope he will."

"Still, it is your duty—I was wrong, and had no right to comment upon it. Good-night."

"Good-night, Sir," I replied.

He stooped and kissed his daughter, and walked away by the garden path toward his study.

"What does he mean?" said Ettie, in an excited whisper; "oh, you are not going away—it can't be!"

"Not yet awhile, Ettie," I answered, assuringly; "some day perhaps, when my father comes to fetch me."

"You have a father? I did not know that."

"Yes."

"I hope he will not come soon, dear—I shall be very unhappy when you leave me. Is he very far away—will it take him a long while to get here?"

"Perhaps it will."

Ettie would have asked me a hundred questions on the spot about my parentage, and I should have felt disposed to answer them—the secret was so thinly veiled—had I not remembered Abel Westmair's protest, and had not I felt that Aunt Jane—how uncharitable I had become about Aunt Jane!—would make capital from it to my disadvantage.

Martin Westmair came to my rescue when I was fencing with Ettie, and parrying her home-thrusts.

"Ettie, your papa is very angry at your staying out so late," he said, with great alarm depicted on his countenance.

Ettie looked scared for an instant, and then kissed us both and ran into the house. I was following her more slowly, when he said,

"Wait a few moments, Miss Kirby, if you will so far oblige me."

I hesitated; there was something new in his manner—I felt almost afraid to stop.

"Your mother will think—" I stammered forth.

"Yes, I know she will—but never mind my mother," was his unfilial response, "she is playing backgammon with grandfather, and can't get away for the next twenty minutes. I have fixed her beautifully."

"I would rather not stay," I said, with some little indignation in my tone of voice, for his explanation had implied a plot to secure my attention, and he had sent Ettie away, I was sure now, with a false statement. There was a levity in his last remark that displeased me also, and I made up my mind to return to the drawing-room.

"No, don't go—for Heaven's sake, don't go," he said, in a very different tone of voice. "I leave here to-morrow morning. This is the last time that I shall see you."

His announcement was a surprise, but I was all the more anxious to get away from him. He had made me very nervous.

"We can talk in the drawing-room, Mr. Westmair," I said, with all the dignity that my small self could summon up on an emergency, "I do not wish to remain here."

Again his voice changed. The agitation left it, and he was more natural, if still in earnest.

"I wish to speak of your father," he said.

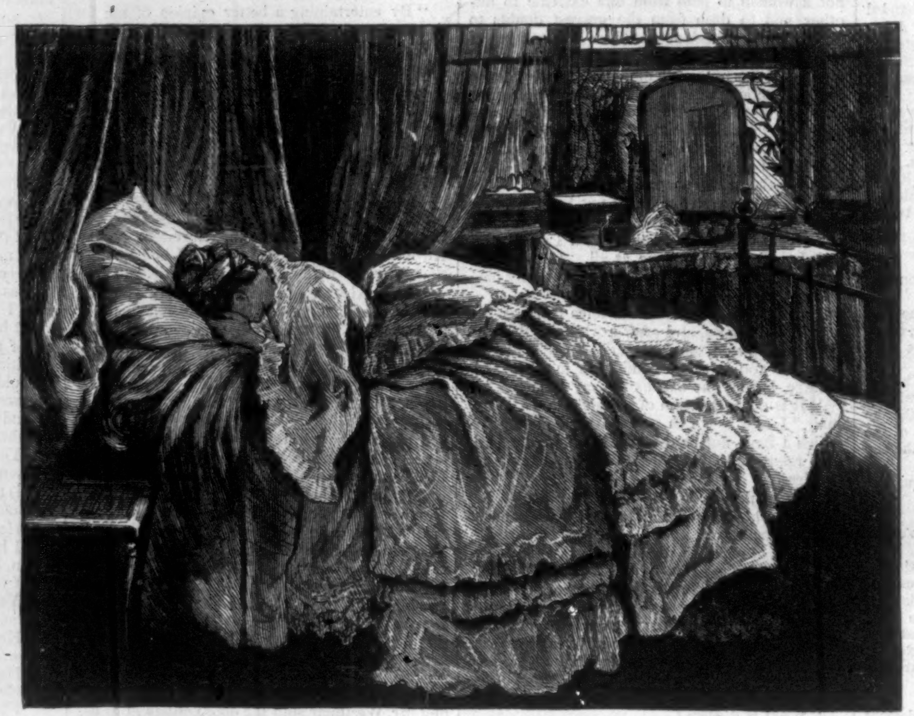
That was a talisman to stop me, and I forgot the delicacy of the position. I had been afraid that, with his characteristic impulse, he was going to speak of himself, or of me, or—of both of us!

CHAPTER X.

MARTIN WESTMAIR SPEAKS OUT.

ALTHOUGH not distrustful of Martin, and anxious to hear any thing concerning my father which should throw a light upon his case, and which Aunt Jane should not become acquainted with, I did not quit the broad gravel-walk before the house, but stood within a few yards of the open windows of the drawing-room, waiting for his communication. He had made one step toward the lawn, but I had not followed him, and he came back to his old position, and regarded me so wistfully that it was in my mind to become afraid of him again. He was silent for a few moments, and the rattle, rattle, of the dice-box from within the room seemed like an accompaniment to my fitful-beating heart.

"I thought that I would speak of your—father before I left to-morrow," he stammered forth, with evident difficulty; "Abel has told me of the effort he is making to secure Mr. Kirby's liberty."



"MISERABLE AND HAPPY BY TURNS."

"It is his effort, then," I said.

"I believe that he is taking an active part in the matter. So he should—he locked him up, when it would have been a greater act of charity to let him go."

I had thought so before this, but I did not altogether admire Martin Westmair's criticism upon his uncle's conduct.

"Abel has told me," he continued, "that I had better not speak of this to my mother—are you of that opinion too?"

"I would prefer it, because—"

"Because?" he repeated interrogatively, as I came to a full stop.

"Because it is a story that does not concern Mrs. Westmair," I replied; "I have no hope—scarcely a desire—to keep my sad story a secret, but I would prefer that your mother did not know it yet awhile."

"So would I," Martin replied, "for with all her virtues—and she is a good woman," he added, as if he fancied that I had begun to doubt it—"she lacks discretion, and is fond of imparting information to those by whom she is surrounded."

"Yes," I said, in assent.

I had thought of all that I had heard, and tried not to hear, concerning Mrs. Westmair's opinion of myself, and it had given a peculiar tone to my voice which I had not intended, and which struck him at once, being a shrewd man in many respects, if lacking in that business shrewdness which had made his uncle's fortune.

"You do not like my mother?" he said, in a lower tone.

"I am afraid, on the contrary, that your mother does not like me," I answered, thus appealed to.

"You are mistaken—I assure you that you are mistaken," he said, with evident warmth; "pray do not think that, Miss Kirby. My mother is a woman hard to impress, she is singular in her ways, and irritable, and disposed at times to judge too hastily, and to be impressed by her own hasty judgment; possibly she is at times a trifle too suspicious; but that she will learn to like you very much, to be, I hope, one of your best and closest friends, I am as certain as that I am standing here."

I did not believe him, though he might have believed a portion of his own statement, being of a sanguine disposition, and a man who was naturally affectionate. His mother would never learn to love one who was naturally sly; she would be fluttering from that drawing-room window presently to discomfit me too, unless she imagined that I had gone into the house after Ettie.

"I am afraid that that is a highly colored picture of Mrs. Westmair's future relationship with me," I said.

"She was a little put out last night—ah! you know that?"

"Yes."

"Old Mr. Westmair gave you a paper, and she saw it?"

"Yes."

"It was not an offer of marriage, I hope," he said, with his lightness of demeanor coming to the foreground again.

"No. It was a check for eight hundred pounds, the sum of which my father robbed the firm," I answered.

"Was it? Great Heaven! What did he mean by that?"

There was no further levity in his manner; he pushed his hair bolt upright by running his hands hastily through it, and he stared hard at the gravel, as at an intricate and interesting problem drawn out there.

"There were no effects at the banker's, your uncle said—indeed, there was no banker," I said, demurely; "but the intention was none the less kind on the part of your grandfather. He did not mean it for a practical joke."

"I am sure of that," said Martin, confidently, "and I am sure that that old chap knows something or other about this matter which—oh! that's all nonsense too; that's the romantic idea, Miss Kirby, with which you first began your second life in London, is it not?"

"Romantic!" I said, bitterly.

"Pray don't mind me. I have a habit of bungling, and I forgot your trouble. And this *is* a trouble."

"Ay, it is," I answered, sadly; "what more have you to tell me about it?"

He ran his hands through his hair again, as if his ideas were somewhere among it, and difficult to get at.

"Oh—your father—let me see," he said, hurriedly; "yes, yes—I know that I have something to say about him. Don't go."

I was half disposed to suspect him of having invented an excuse to detain me, and had made a half movement toward the house. I stopped at his appeal.

"I wish to learn, of course, your—your future plans with reference to this father," he said; "he comes out of prison with no funds, except some miserable gratuity money. What is he going to do?"

"To live with me."

"With you!" he cried; "impossible!"

"I hope not."

"He will go abroad. That is the best place for him now."

"Then I will go with him, if he will have me."

"You forget that—"

He stopped, and I added,

"That I shall be as poor as himself. Yes, that is a thought that has recently come to me—your uncle told me of that—and I can not master it. But you forget, Mr. Westmair, that he is coming out to die."

"Not so bad as that, perhaps. Away from prison air, he may recover."

"Would they set him free before his time, if they were not certain of his death?" I cried.

"Doctors make mistakes. They may want an excuse to be charitable to this man."

This was not wise reasoning on the part of Martin, but I was glad to listen to it. His assurances seemed in their way to comfort me a little, and I had a hope that though the prison might kill Jonathan Kirby, liberty might bring him strength again.

"I would not advise you to leave Broomfield, even if Abel is successful enough to procure your father's liberty," Martin continued; "here you can be of greater benefit to him. Has he not another daughter, too? What has become of her? Can not she take care of him?"

"She will be married and away."

"I did not know that. Well, then, her husband might. Oh! Miss Kirby," he cried, passionately, "you must not devote your life to your father. He is not deserving of the sacrifice—he is not, indeed. You are mistaken in him altogether. He is altogether bad."

"Mr. Westmair, how dare you tell me this?" I cried, indignantly.

"Forgive me," he cried; "I don't know what I am saying—I am confused; but I can not bear the idea of your leaving here. Your father is a mystery, and your life is too pure and good to be devoted to his own. You are so different, so very different, from every woman whom I have ever seen. I should like your life to be as bright as it deserves to be. I would give worlds to make it so myself. Oh, Faith, I love you!"

I had begun to escape from him before this torrent of words had wholly left his lips. I was scared, and like a woman in a dream. I had half suspected it, and then laughed at it, and then cried over it; it had seemed just possible, and then impossible. My only wish seemed now to get away from him and shut my ears against his premature avowal. He was determined that I should know all the truth before I left him; he stood in my way and balked my progress; he tried to seize me by the wrists and compel me to listen to him; he was excited, and his voice trembled like a child's. I could not escape him, and I took refuge in a woman's weakness, or her strength—her tears.

"Oh! why have you told me this—how could you do so?" I murmured, reproachfully; "it is an insult."

"No—no—for mercy's sake don't say that," he urged, "don't crush me utterly—don't make me wholly bad in my despair."

"I have no power to make you any thing but what you are—a very weak and thoughtless man," I replied, recovering myself a little, dashing my tears away, and stepping back to my dignity—"I who am almost a stranger to you—"

"No!"

"One whom you have only seen a few weeks—whom you might have spared, considering her troubles, which were deserving of your sympathy—who is a dependent here, with a father in prison—who—"

"Faith," he said, earnestly, "my only answer is that I am going away to-morrow!—I am going to lose you whom I have met every day, and whom I love very dearly. I can't help it—I can't help telling you so, when I feel that I may come back at any moment and find you gone. You have spoken of a resolution that will leave you defenseless—and I could protect you, work for you, and offer you, along with a poor man's home, a true man's devotion. It has not taken me long to know your worth—and you in time might come to see that I am not wholly undeserving of you. Let me have time to win you—oh! give me one hope if you can."

Martin Westmair was in earnest; he would have gone down on his knees if I had allowed him—if I had not by my gestures, by a half word of protest, let him see that that would have been unbearable. I was not angry—only excited, anxious to get away, and not commit myself by a rash word to his attentions. I was young, inexperienced, and his hot love frightened me. I had liked him as his uncle's guest—I did not hate him then—but I would have been very glad to get away.

"I can not speak to you, Mr. Westmair—you will let me go, please—I am very unhappy."

"Tell me that you are not offended with me, then?"

"No—I am not offended."

"And if I come again, that this rash avowal will make no difference between us?"

"I will try and forget it."

"And let me be your friend still—as I have been."

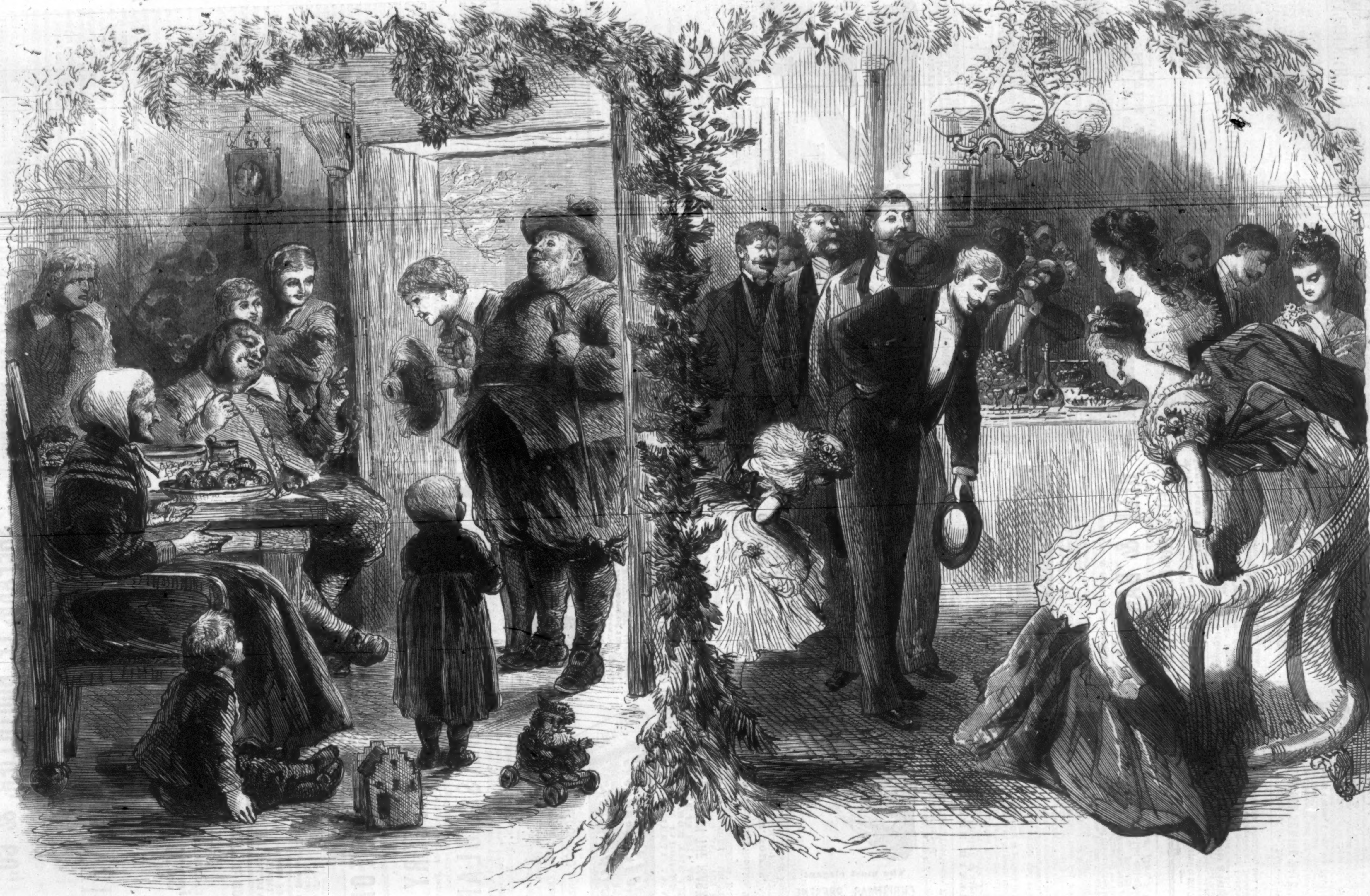
"Yes, yes—"

"Faith," he said, in a deep voice, "I pray that this is hope for me."

He stood no longer in my path, and I went away from him, knowing that he followed me with anxious eyes, and feeling already not so unhappy as I had told him that I was. Yes—it was very like a dream, with more strength in its bewilderment than appertains to dream-land, and with strange and fitful singings at my brain to match the double-quick time of my pulsations. I passed through the drawing-room in haste; Mrs. Westmair—his mother!—looked up keenly from the backgammon board, and then resumed her game; and the old gentleman nodded his head, said "Good-night, my dear," and dropped his dice under the table.

I was glad to get to my room, lock the door, bury my head in the bed clothes, and think of it all—feeling miserable and happy by turns—wondering how it had begun and how it would end—and hearing ever the deep tones of his voice—the words of his passion—as I had heard them in the garden a little while ago.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NEW-YEAR'S CALLS—THE KNICKERBOCKERS OF 1650 AND 1873.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

CAMEOS.

In nothing has the development of a cultivated taste been of late years more rapid, both in England and in this country, than in the matter of those refined and æsthetic ornaments known as Cameos. A quarter of a century ago Cameos were, indeed, worn as ornaments by ladies; but they were Cameos at the sight of which even the average young lady of the period would start back aghast in horror, even though her own artistic training might not be of the highest. At that time really fine Cameos were only to be found, in this country particularly, in the cabinets of collectors; for the only really fine Cameos then extant were antiques which had come down to us from the better epochs of the Roman Empire. Canova in Italy, and Flaxman in England, may be said to have given the first impulse to the revival of truly artistic Cameo-cutting; nor was it until within the last twenty-five years that the Cameo-cutters even of Rome began to rival the grace, freedom, and force of the antique work. To this branch of their calling, Messrs. Starr & Marcus, of 22 John St. (up stairs), as it is well known, have devoted more time and attention than any other American house. They have their reward in a collection of works which may be said to constitute of themselves a small museum and academy of the art.—[*Com.*]

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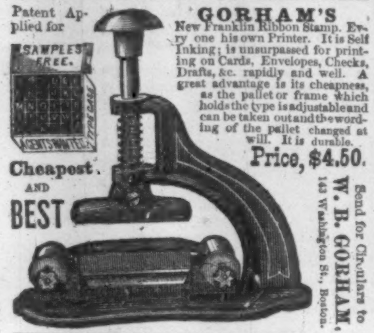

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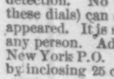

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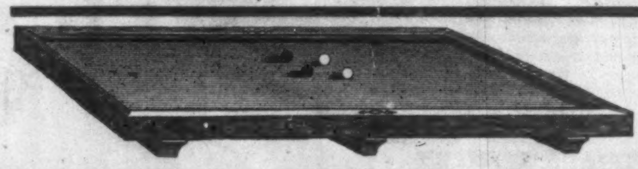

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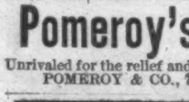

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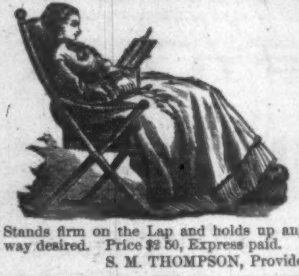

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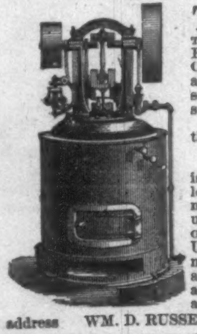

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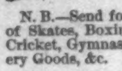

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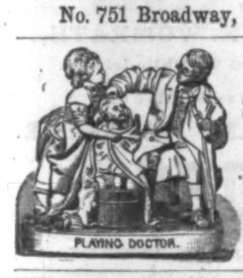
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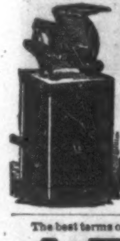

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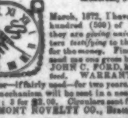

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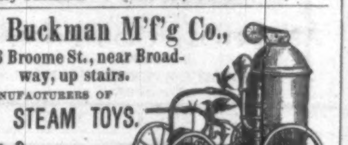

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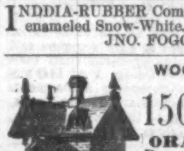

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1873.

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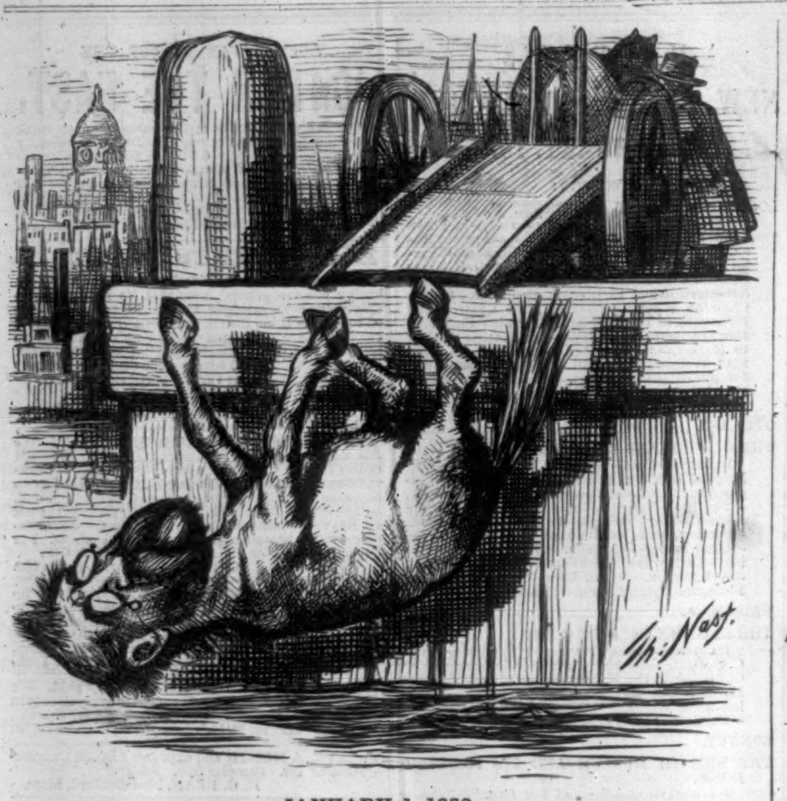

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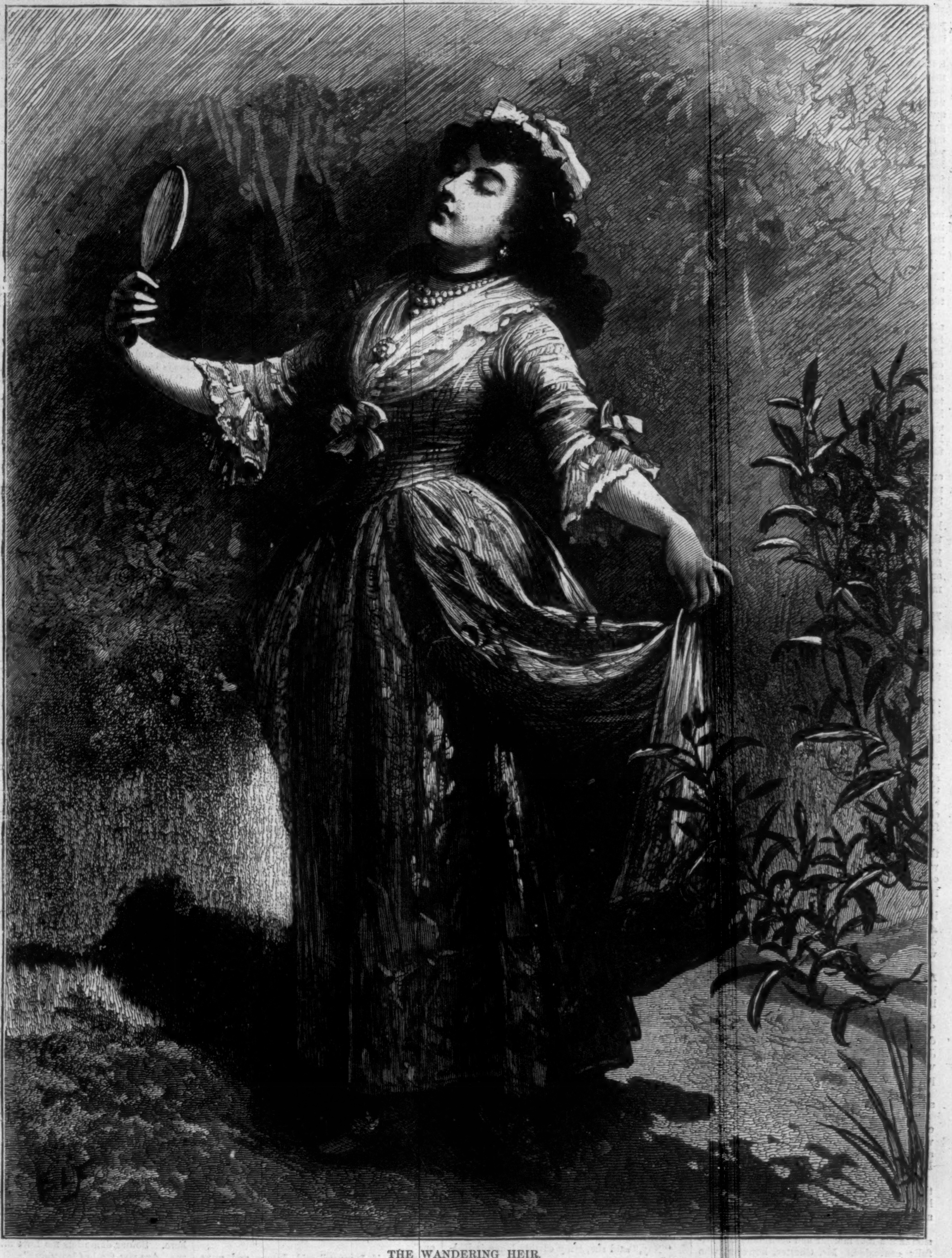

THE WANDERING HEIR.
"On moonlight nights she would sometimes take a little hand-glass out, and wear the diamond cross and brooch, and parade with them sparkling in the moonlight."—[See Page 1039, No. 835.]

[Continued from No. 835, Page 1040.]

THE WANDERING HEIR.

Vixere fortes ante Ortŏna.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER III.—(*Continued.*)

Next morning the news was that Joanna had run away. The gardener told his wife, at breakfast. She shook her head. "Run away, poor thing! She'll never run no more. She'll never be seen no more, without you do find her, digging about."

"Hush!" said the man. "Hold thy tongue; we have eaten his bread a many years."

"I shall never bear the sight of him again, I tell thee."

"Well, keep out of his sight, then; he won't come after thee, I trow: but if ye go hanging of him, with your tongue, and losing me a good place, I shall twist thy neck, sweetheart, and then there will be a pair hung instead of one."

These dark suspicions smouldered for many months. Mr. Hanway went to Mr. Chester, and told him the girl was a thief, and had run away with the jewels.

"A thief, Master Hanway?" said the other, coldly. "The jewels were her mother's, and coming to her."

"Ay, but she knew not that," said the old man, who was bitterly incensed against her. Not a word did he say to Thomas Chester about either of the violent scenes in the garden. Mr. Chester advised him to advertise, and drew the advertisement for him.

Months rolled on: all hope of seeing Joanna again oozed away: both trustees were unhappy about it, and on ill terms; for Hanway thought his allowance ought to go on; but Chester ridiculed the idea: and so it stopped; since money could only be drawn under both signatures.

Presently there arose in the village a vague, horrid whisper of "Foul Play." It reached

Lawyer Chester. He tried to trace it: it was impalpable at first; like a sudden smell of carrion. But this keen lawyer tracked it, and tracked it, and discovered that an old blind man, walking in his garden, which adjoined Mr. Hanway's, had heard a voice cry, "Oh, uncle! don't kill me! don't kill me!" and then several heavy blows. He learned, too, that the gardener's wife had lately thrown out mysterious hints as to what would become of some people if she were to tell all she knew. Then Mr. Chester began to fear a crime had been committed: only he could see no motive. But murders are not always motived: the passions slay, as well as the interests. Being a just man, and feeling that his dislike to Hanway might prejudice him, he carried his notes to a neighboring justice, and left the matter in his hands.

This magistrate was young, and zealous: he had seen Joanna riding across country, and admired her: he went into the matter a little too much like a Crown solicitor.

Mr. Hanway was summoned to London, to attend his son Silas, who had caught a violent fever. The magistrate in question heard of his absence, and took that opportunity to call on the gardener. He found the wife alone, and by coaxing and threatening soon got her story out of her. He took possession of the turf-cutter, which tool she and the gardener had avoided with horror ever since; and the sight of it, added to the other evidence, gave him a shock, and convinced him he saw before him the proofs of a bloody murder.

Every thing was therefore prepared for the arrest of Mr. Hanway, on his return. But that return was delayed by a truly pitiable cause. Silas was insensible when his father came, and died a few hours after. The bereaved father had a shell made for the remains, and brought them down to Colebrook. The sad burden was but just taken into the hall, when the officers of justice, who had rigorous orders, arrested the bereaved father on a charge of murder.

He stared at them stupidly, and said, "Are ye mad?"

They told him no: the evidence was strong.

"Is it so?" said he, languidly. "Well, let me bury my child; and I'll go to the gallows, or where you will: I have naught left to live for."

Then the officers of justice were puzzled what to do. However, as it happened, the magistrate himself came up; and when he heard, he directed them to let the funeral proceed: but be careful the mourner did not escape.

The grave was already dug, and the clergyman waiting: so poor Silas was buried, attended by the whole parish, in strange silence, for their horror of the murderer was checked by their pity for the desolate father, to whom the charge of murder was, at that heavy hour, a feather-stroke, compared with his bereavement.

He went home alone: the officers kept a little aloof from him, and so did the people. He was examined in his own house, and confronted with the witnesses: the turf-cutter was also produced.

He told the simple truth: not a soul believed it: he was committed for trial, and a reward of £50 offered to whoever should find the corpus delicti, which was the one link in the evidence wanting.

Months passed on, and no corpus delicti. At last some bones were found in a peat-heath hard by, and brought to the justice, followed by a crowd.

"She is found! She is found!" was the cry. "The old rogue will be hanged now," and all day folk dropped in to see the bones of poor Joanna. The parson and Mr. Chester, who were good friends, went together. Says the parson, "I know these bones well—"

"There! there!" was the cry: "Parson can swear to 'em: that is enow."

"—I know them," continued the parson, calmly, "for the bones of the moose deer, which ran in these parts four thousand years ago. I do bid against the Crown for these. I will give five shillings, and ten for the horns."

That very evening two young men came to the vicarage, and told the maid, with a sheepish look, they had brought Parson the gentlewoman's horns. They had dug a little farther.

But this did not shake the general impression that a foul murder had been done and artfully concealed. Mr. Chester, however, who had started the inquiry, now felt uneasy in his mind at what he had done: he called on Mr. Hanway in prison, and found him piteously depressed. Mr. Hanway asked his forgiveness, if ever he had offended him.

"Nay, Sir," said Chester, "I did never affect you much, nor you me: but, in truth, you never wronged me, that I know of; and seeing you in this plight, I blame myself, and would serve you. Come, courage, man. If she is alive, there is a way to find her."

"Would to God I knew that way."

"Advertise for her. Let her know your trouble, and that she is an heiress. That will be against the letter of her father's wish, but not the spirit. Write the advertisement yourself, and I will see it sent abroad."

Then Hanway plucked up a little heart, and wrote a humble, touching advertisement describing his peril. Mr. Chester took it, and having read it, was fain to wipe a tear from his eye, and straightway dropped the judicial character, and shut his eyes to the evidence, and, resuming old habits, retained himself solicitor for the Defendant. In that self-assumed character he spared not his own purse, but scattered the advertisements far and wide, not in England only, but Scotland, Ireland, and every foreign country that spoke the English tongue.

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CHAPTER IV.

JAMES ANNESLEY remained in prison, awaiting his sentence. He was not without hope; but his fear was greater: and this fear soon rose to agony; for the unhappy pair whose kindness had brought him to this were led out to receive the first part of their sentence within sight of the grated windows of his cell. They had to sit under the gallows one hour, with a rope round their necks, and then received, the lover forty lashes, the woman thirty, and the servant twenty-one, all on their bare backs, and well laid on. Their groans and shrieks rent the air, and froze James Annesley to the bone, for he looked for his own turn to come next, and behind the cutting lash frowned the grim prison.

A week passed, and a spark of hope was reviving, when one morning the jailer and another officer came, and told him he must go with them. His knees failed him, he groaned, and lay back almost insensible. They gave him a drop of brandy, and, seeing his mistake, told him to pluck up courage.

"You are to be exposed every market-day, and not to be whipped, till somebody in Chester shall prove you were in the town before you came in a prisoner."

He was so exposed every market-day for a month: a large paper was pinned on his breast, inviting all good citizens to testify what they knew of him.

On the fourth market-day, casting his eyes wistfully round, who should he see but Drummond: he had come all that way to buy horses, and was so intent on business that he noticed nothing else. James made signs to him in vain; he called to him; he did every thing to attract this cruel master's attention, whom he had run from. At last a man went for him to Drummond, and brought him up. Drummond started at first, then surveyed him with a cruel countenance. "What would you of me, young man?"

"Do but take me home, and I will serve you faithfully."

Drummond, to torment him, turned on his heel, without a word. However, he went to the justices and claimed him: showed, by an entry in his pocket-book, when he ran away, and from what place, and knocked the indictment to atoms. In twenty-four hours James Annesley was riding home, at Drummond's back. When he got him home, Drummond sued him for penalties and damages: the penalty, five days for every day's absence, came to a year; but the damages, being paid in service, came to two years and a half.

Upon this decision, James Annesley began to fret, and pine away; and Drummond, who had lost one or two that way, sold him to Jedediah Surefoot, a flourishing planter, near Willingtown, in Delaware. This was a beautiful place, and had an extraordinary story, which was then fresh in men's minds. William Shipley, a Leicestershire man, was settled at Ridley, with his second wife, Elizabeth Levis, of Springfield, in the county Chester. She was a distinguished minister in the Society of "Friends," and a remarkable woman. Soon after her marriage she dreamed a dream. She was riding through a wild country, on what errand she knew not; and mounted a lofty hill. From this hill burst on her eyes a landscape of surpassing beauty; a wide valley, green with sloping lawns, studded with clumps of trees and settlers' cabins. The sun streamed golden through partial clearings made by the axe; even now it tinkled unseen: and broad rivers ran, and little brooks sparkled silver, and meandered to the extreme limits of vision. She sat entranced upon her horse, and was speechless awhile with delight. Then she asked her guide what country this was.

"Elizabeth," said he, "it is thy home."

"Nay," said she, "my earthly home is Ridley."

"Not so," said he. "This sweet place cries out for thee, and for the Word. Submit thyself, then, to the will of Heaven, and come hither; so shalt thou do much good to the place and the people; and the blessing of God shall be on thy house, and on their labors in the Lord."

Elizabeth told this dream to her husband, with all the warmth and freshness in the world; and he made this sublime answer, "We are doing pretty well here," and the subject dropped.

Full three years afterward, Elizabeth Shipley was invited to a meeting of Friends, between the Delaware and Chesapeake bays.

She rode alone, and without fear, till she came to the Brandywine River, and then, though the water was low, she took a guide: he led her some distance to "the old Ford," and she got through, and went up the hill, by "the King's Road." At the top of the hill she checked her horse, and uttered a cry of amazement and delight; for lo! there was the Paradise of her dream before her, ay, down to the minutest feature of the landscape, and the axe that tinkled unseen. She sat like a statue on her horse, just as she had done in her dream.

After this she constantly entreated William Shipley to ride with her and see the lovely place. He thought it a waste of time: did not believe in dreams, though he durst not say so. So, at last, she said to him, "William, settle all thou hast in Ridley on thy children by thy first wife. I and mine will stand or fall by the place the Lord doth call me to."

The Prophetess knew her lord and master; he came with her directly, to see Willingtown, and it struck him all of a heap. He examined it nearer, and found it was seated between the finger and thumb of two rivers, one impetuous, and admirable for turning mills, the other tidal, and navigable to the sea. "Why, Elizabeth," said he, "a man might grind his corn here with one hand, and ship it with t'other."

So, what with her faith in Power Divine, and his in Water Power, the Shipleys settled at Willingtown, now called Wilmington, and gave that rising place a wonderful impulse. William Shipley bought land between the streams, and set up mill and factory. Elizabeth became a shining light, and drew the cream of the Quakers thither, and even poor James Annesley profited a little by her virtues; for she preached and practiced humanity to slaves, and Dame Surefoot, a simple motherly woman, was her pupil, though her senior; so there was no starving of slaves, nor frolicsome flagellation, on Surefoot's farm. Servitude was robbed of its fangs—though nothing could remove its sting—in the circle of which that pious woman was the centre.

But the beauty of the place, and the milder servitude, came too late for poor James Annesley. The long persecution of fortune, the almost unintermittent sufferings of his soul and body, had broken his spirit and clouded his youth. He was worn out, dejected, hopeless. His mind might be compared to a ship, which has been so tossed, baffled, and battered, by storm upon storm, that at last it leaks, and sinks quietly in the golden ripple and placid sunlight of a calm.

He did his work well enough, but in dogged silence, and nothing ever came from him but sighs: his face was handsome, but full of misery.

Dame Surefoot noticed this, after a time, and asked him one day what was the matter.

"Nothing, madam," said he, "thank you."

"Then why so sad? Most servants are glad to come to us from Drummond."

"And so ought I to be, madam. I will try to be more cheerful. But three years more!" And he groaned.

"What is three years?" said Mrs. Surefoot. "Alas! young man, 'twill pass like a shadow. You have got this new trouble, the vapors, with keeping too much alone. I shall find you a companion; for you are a civil-spoken young man."

So, that very evening, she went to her favorite—when could any woman govern without one?—"Philip," said she, "prithee speak to this new servant, James, and be good to him. He is well to look at, and no idler; but so eaten up with sadness."

"Mayhap he is in love," said Philip. "I'll soon find what ails him, mother."

This Philip was a black-eyed youth, as sharp as a needle, who kept all the accounts, and sometimes rode on business. He flattered the mistress finely, and had got the length of her shoe, as the saying is. The master valued him on other grounds: he was saucy, but honest, and kept the books, though rather complicated, with marvelous precision and neatness. Thus valued on both sides, Philip, who by-the-bye was older than he looked, gave himself considerable airs: and it was in rather a condescending tone he danced up to James Annesley, and invited him to leave off sighing, and walk with him into the town of Willingtown.

"Thank you, Sir," said James, "but I prefer to meditate."

"To mope, you mean. 'Tis the worst thing for you: and I hate to walk alone. So be not churlish now. Why, man, we are countrymen."

"Sir, I shall be sorry company."

"But I shall be merry company. So come on."

"Well, if I must," said James, and went with him, reluctantly.

Master Philip chattered away for both, and stole a glance at his companion now and then.

Young Annesley's replies were civil, but reserved.

"You are no mill-clack," said Philip, ironically.

"I am not," said James, humbly.

Philip carried an enormous basket. He had to bring groceries home, and salt, and medicinal herbs from Mrs. Dean, the Dutch widow; and coarse sugar, and a jar of vinegar. When all these were on board, the basket was very heavy, and James said, "I will carry that."

"Nay," said Philip, pretending to resist. "I carried it hither, and I will carry it home."

"That you shall not," said James, and laid hold of it, and fairly wrenched it from him.

"You are a rude bear," said Philip. "You have hurt my thumb."

"Where?" asked James, catching at it to see.

"Somewhere," said Philip, and whipped it behind his back.

"Well, I am sorry for that," replied James. "I am much older than you, and stronger, and the least I could do was to carry your burden, since you put up with my dull company."

"Speak not to me. I'll never speak to you again, bear."

"And what else am I good for now but to carry burdens?"

"Oh, say not that, James. Alas! why are you so sad? You are young, you are well-looking—rather. What beautiful hair you have got! I declare I did never see such hair: 'tis like silk. I'd never despond, if I had such hair as that, instead of my black stuff. You should flatter the women; that is the way to get forward. Look at me. I get my own way in every thing, and that is my strategy. Tell me, James, I won't tell a soul—Are you in love?"

"No."

"But you have been?"

"Never. I was but a boy when I was kidnapped, and sent over here; and my heart has always been too heavy for those idle fancies."

"What, you did not come here of your good-will?"

"Consent to be a slave! who would be so base?"

James said this with a certain majesty that quelled his merry companion for a moment. He drew instinctively a little farther off, and walked, with thoughtful, downcast eyes. Nor did he say much more, in fact, but brooded over what his companion had said. However, he chattered away fast enough to Mrs. Surefoot, and they agreed that James was not a sullen churl, but a fine, melancholy, interesting young man. Then they fell into speculations as to why he had been kidnapped and sent out. This wise conversation was uttered within hearing of Maria Surefoot, a demure, romantic girl, of seventeen. She drank in every word, but said nothing; only, thenceforth, James became an object of vast curiosity and interest to her.

One day that some very heavy work in loading of timber was done near the house, James was very zealous and active; and so athletic, that Philip drew Mrs. Surefoot's attention to his prowess.

"Yes, in truth," said the worthy dame. "Here, Maria, run you and get him a can of wine, and take it to him; he has earned it right well."

Maria soon appeared with the can, and went to James: he was now seated on a bank, in sight, and, the brief stimulus of labor over, had fallen into his usual pensive state.

The girl approached him timidly and softly, and stood looking at him a considerable time.

"Is she afraid to speak to him?" said Philip, pettishly.

"What should she be afraid of?" said Mrs. Surefoot.

The girl spoke to James, and he instantly rose and removed his cap. She held him out the wine, blushing like a rose, and said, "Prithee drink this; my mother sends it."

"I wish her every blessing," said James, piously; "and the same to you, Mistress Maria."

"You can not wish me better than I wish you, James," murmured the girl, all in a flutter. "I have heard about you, and, if there is any thing in the world I can do—for I pity you with all my heart." She turned, and went away in a tremor and confusion, which did not escape the keen black eyes of Master Philip. Dame Surefoot was older; so perhaps her eye could not seize all the minutiæ by which a girl's very body indicates when love has seized her.

The coast was no sooner clear than Philip ran out, and invited James into his office: "It is cooler there," said he.

As soon as ever he got James into his office, he said, sharply, "What did Mistress Maria say to you?"

"I could not say, I paid no attention."

"I like not that young gentlewoman: she is a forward minx."

"Is she? You know best. You have been here longest. How cool it is here; and you have flowers in your window. What a luxurious boy! And what a many books!"

"Yes, I am the only one that reads much here. So our dame lets me have all the library. Are you fond of learning?"

"I love it, of all things. But, alas! I have been so ill brought up, and whenever I got to my books, some cruelty or other came and took me from them. It is my grief and my shame that I, a gentleman's son, have the education of a porter."

"What then," said Philip, "tell me, if I were to teach you, would that make you happier, and to leave off sighing so?"

"Indeed I think it would. I burn with desire of instruction."

"Well, then I will give you a lesson every evening. Then you will be out of the way of all these forward minxes."

"I trouble not my head about them. I would liever be at the books with you. Let us begin at once."

Then Philip gave James a book to read, and

he read it, but badly; gave him a letter to write, and he wrote it vilely.

"Come," said Philip, with a curious air of satisfaction, "I have a year's work before me, with thee."

He taught James, every evening after work, with a patience and an untiring amiability that he had not shown in conversation, and James plowed at it with all his heart, and was pathetically docile and grateful. Out of this arose, by degrees, a tender friendship, and loyal partisanship, that belongs to youth: and so, one day, being now such friends, Philip urged him by their friendship to tell him his whole story. He hesitated. "Philip," said he, "I never told it yet, but some ill luck did follow straight. No matter; sit by me, my one friend, and I'll tell it thee; ay, ever since I was four years old."

Then he told his story, but broke down once or twice; then went manfully on, the more so that, while he was telling it, a brown but shapely hand stole into his, and was seldom idle, but ever speaking as variously as a voice, with its gentle pressure of sympathy, and sudden grasps at danger: but when he came to his being kidnapped and swooning dead away in the ship, it trembled, and Philip turned his head away, and never looked toward him again, and by then he was flung into jail and cast for death, the narrator discovered that Philip was crying.

"Oh, Philip!" said he, "do not you cry. Ah! how many a time I have cried over it all: but now my eyes are dry. Sweet Philip! how kind you are to cry for me. Ah, miserable me!" and, all of a sudden, Philip's tears drew forth his own once more, the first he had shed for years. They did him a world of good. "Oh, my dear Philip!" he cried, "you have saved me from despair: a cloud clears from my mind. While I have one friend who will shed a tear for me, it were ungrateful to despair:" and he took Philip in his arms, and was going to kiss him heartily; but the boy panted, and put up both his hands, and said, "No, no! I am choking. Prithee go get me a cup of wine."

James went, accordingly, and the first person he saw was Mistress Maria; he asked her to oblige him with a cup of wine.

"Ay, that I will, James," said she, tenderly, and brought it him in a moment, and told him she must have the pleasure of seeing him drink.

"I will taste it, madam," said he: "but indeed 'tis for Philip. He is not well."

"For Philip!" said she, disdainfully. "I hope the next time 'twill be for yourself."

James ran with the cup to Philip. Philip was not to be found.

"Was ever such a boy?" said James. However, he left the cup of wine on a table: and the early negroes picked up that worm, as the saying is.

Next evening he went for his lesson, as usual. Philip was busy over a ledger, and only noticed him with a supercilious nod.

"Philip," said he, "I brought you the wine as fast as I could."

Philip never looked off his ledger. "You brought it so fast, that I was gone to bed. You were too busy with Mistress Maria to think of me, I trow."

"Nay, I did stay not two minutes with her."

"There—there—there—I thought as much; you *were* with her."

"Foolish boy, have I the key of the cellar? I asked the first I met."

"Well, I guessed she was the butler; so I did not drink a drop. Not a drop, Sir."

"I am sorry for that."

"No, you are not."

"Yes, I am, Philip."

"Do not contradict *me*. I am very angry with you. You made me cry with your romance—that I do not believe a word of. Do not contradict *me*. And I am not so fond of crying as you are; it makes me ill: and so now I'll just give you a piece of advice; for I see every thing from this window; my nose may be in my ledger, but my eye is on you all; so tremble! I tell thee young women are the artfulest creatures: they are not like men, who get gray and cunning; girls are born artful: and two or three of these girls are setting their caps at you, after their manner. There's that Indian girl Turquoise, she makes no disguise, being a savage; she lets all the world see she is ready to eat you up. Then there's the master's niece, great fat thing; she comes here six times for once she is wanted, and sits watching you, with her great gray eyes, like a cat watches for a mouse: she will catch you too, some day, if you take not the better heed: and then there's Mistress Maria, that is the worst of them all, because she is always here, and has so many opportunities. She is ever throwing herself in your way."

"Nay, nay," said James.

"Do you not meet her, in lonely places, whenever you take your walks without me?"

"Sometimes; by pure chance."

"Chance! foolish man: that shows how little you are fit to cope with them."

"Very well, Philip," said James: "since you give me the benefit of your age and experience, I'll give *you* a piece of advice. Do not you trouble about me; for I am not in love with any young woman, and never was. What I love is the liberty I have lost, and the country I have been banished from. Love is not for a slave. If ever I get home again, I may fall in love; but I think it will be a dark woman; they have always been my best friends. So never you mind me. 'Tis you that are in danger from these girls, not I."

"Me! ha! ha!"

"Ay! why, your head is full of them. I never knew a boy of your age talk so much about women, nor think so much about them."

"Do I talk as if I loved them?"

"No; but you do study them; and abuse them beyond reason: and those are the men that are caught the first, I've heard."

"Well, this is idle chat. Come, sit down, and I'll give you your lesson, James. Now then. How dark is your sweetheart to be? Copper, like Turquoise; or lamp-black, like Chloe?"

"Thank you, Philip. I prefer a white skin. But her hair, and her eyebrows, and her eyes, I care not if they are dark as—"

"The devil's," suggested Philip.

"Nay, yours will be dark enough for me. They are the blackest ever I saw, long life to 'em."

Philip colored high, with pleasure; and then said, with arrogance, "Come, Sir, this is idle chat. Let us to something more profitable, if you please."

The snubbed scholar submitted, with a smile. He was getting used to Master Philip's caprices; they amused him.

James Annesley's spirits improved; his fine eyes began to beam at times, and color to come into his cheek.

Mistress Maria, on the contrary, began to sicken and pine; and the vigilant Philip determined to be her doctor, and prescribe her change of air. One morning he asked an interview with the master and mistress: they were breakfasting in the parlor. Philip was admitted.

Now Jedediah Surefoot was not like his wife, who treated her servants as her children. He was humane, but very short with them. Philip stood in awe of him, and had prepared a little speech beforehand. "Master," said he, "I think a good servant should tell his employer in time, if he sees any thing going on that might take an ill turn: so I am come to tell you something."

"Then why not tell it at once?" said Jedediah.

"Nay, Sir, only for fear you should be hasty, and blame him who is guiltless in the matter. The truth is, master, and I hope you will forgive me, and set it down to my zeal and duty, if I do make so free, but it is about my young mistress."

"Ay," said Jedediah, frowning, "and what canst thou have to say about her?"

"She is sick, Sir; and will be while she bides here."

"Why, the air is wholesome enough. I never was better in my life than I am here."

"'Tis not the air that is amiss, Sir, saving your presence. 'Tis the mind."

"Speak plainer, thou jackanapes, if thou hast aught to say at all."

"Nay, then; Mistress Maria hath cast her eyes on James Annesley, and 'tis for him she is love-sick. Would you cure her, 'tis but to send her elsewhere for a year. Change, and the sight of other men, will soon restore her."

Jedediah was taken all aback by this revelation. "Patience," said he, "can this be so?"

"Nay, Jedediah," said she, "I hope not: but Philip is not one that lies. Alas! what is to be done?"

"The first thing to be done is to know the truth."

He called a negro, and bade him clear the room, and bring an easy-chair into it. This done, he sent the negro to his daughter's room, and ordered her to come and sit in his armchair by the fire: when he heard her step on the stairs, he turned his wife and Philip out by another door (for the room had two), and left that door ajar. "Now bide you there," said he, "and still as mice."

He then went and ordered James Annesley to bring in billets of wood and fill the great basket in the parlor. This done, he stole back on tiptoe to his wife and Philip, and shook his fist at them, to keep their uneasy tongues quiet. They were on thorns, both of them, the mother for her daughter and Philip for his friend. "Master," he whispered, "think what you do. James is a good young man. He will never be so unfaithful as to seek her out and offer love to her; but seeing her all alone, and sick for love of him, 'tis too much for flesh and blood. Why, 'tis like the devil, to tempt a weak mortal so."

"Hold thy tongue, jackanapes," was the stern reply.

"Nay, but I can not. This goes against my conscience. Do as you will, Sir, but I wash my hands on't." And he was walking off with dignity.

A rude hand was laid on his collar, and Jedediah, in a stern whisper, said, "Wouldst go and tell thy friend James, and put him on his guard? Budge but one inch, and I'll have thee whipped, and soundly, the first this three years."

Then Philip turned very pale, and began to shake like a leaf. His quick spirit saw the terrible mistake he had made, and all the possible consequences flashed on him at once. What more likely than that James should commit a folly in an unguarded moment; and then the stern old man would punish him; and oh, agony! he would have been the traitor to betray his unfortunate friend; ay, and that friend would know it. Such was the distress this cost him, that beads of perspiration rose on his brow, though his body was cold all over.

And the miserable suspense was so long: it seemed an age before they heard James come into the room and put down his heavy basket of wood; and then the time he was placing the billets in the large basket: and all passed in silence till the billets were placed.

At last a soft female voice said, "Thank you, James; you are very good."

"Nay, madam," James was heard to say, "'tis little to do for you, and you in sickness; but I hope you are better, Mistress Maria."

"No, James," sighed the young girl, "and never shall be, till you are my doctor."

"I, madam," said James; "why, I have no skill."

"'Tis not the skill, but the will that lacketh. You dull, insensible man, see you not 'tis your unkindness that is killing me? Nay, dissemble no more. Oh! that I could hate thee as I ought, for slighting my affection. Alas! James, what is it in me that displeases you? I am young; they say I am fair; am I not better worth thy love than that Indian girl, that is forever hanging about thee, and so I hate her. Speak to me, James, for mercy's sake; do not make me woo thee in vain, and sue where I have a right to command. Oh, how I shall hate you now, if you are ungrateful. Hate you, alas! I can not: thou hast bewitched me. I love thee to distraction: for pity's sake speak to me."

James was much troubled and abashed. "Madam," said he, "for Heaven's sake bethink you. A slave is not a thing to love, nor to be loved. You are young, you are lovely; and I wonder that I can be so much your friend as to affront you. But you spoke of gratitude: do I owe none to your good mother, who has softened my slavery? What would her feelings be, and your father's too, were I to be a traitor, and rob them of their only child? No, madam, I have not the excuse of passion; and I will not be a villain in cold blood."

"My parents! Hypocrite! You are a coward, and dare not love above you. Begone to your Indian maid. Wretch, I hate the sight of you."

"I obey you, Mistress Maria."

"James!—James!—James! Come back. You might say you do not hate me. You might tell me you are sorry for me."

"I am, madam. I pity you from my soul."

"Pity me? I scorn your pity. You must choose between love or hate."

"I will never love you, madam, if I can help it; and I will never hate you, after what you have said to me—till you give me cause."

So ended this strange interview. James retired, with a sigh; and the young lady, as soon as he was gone, had a cruel fit of sobbing.

Philip's face was now radiant with unhoped-for triumph, and poor Mrs. Surefoot's red with maternal shame, and the tears streaming. As for Jedediah, he looked terribly disturbed and gloomy. "Not one word of this to any soul that breathes: that is my order," said he. "If you disobey me, look to it."

They obeyed him to the letter; but they indemnified themselves by long discussions among themselves. Philip urged the temporary retirement of Mistress Maria. The good woman, who was like butter in Philip's hands, carried this advice to her husband; but he received it ill. "Banish my daughter for a servant!" said he. "Think of some other way."

"May I?" said she. "Then, sweetheart, if I might have my will, I'd part them as becomes us. 'Twas rare fidelity and modesty. Oh, Jedediah! I know what Mistress Shipley would say: Give the young man his liberty, that pines for it, and hath earned it of us by his good deed."

"Now you talk sense," said Jedediah; "I will think on't."

Then Mrs. Surefoot went, all in a hurry, and told Mrs. Shipley her trouble, and Mrs. Shipley gave her religious comfort and advice, and highly approved Jedediah's giving James his liberty. "'Tis the least he can do," said she, "and a new suit to boot. If the young man is willing to try his fortune in these parts, I will give him an axe and a hoe, and a meal a day for three months, and William shall let him a few acres of wood for nothing the first year, and thereafter for a payment in kind. We have planted many a poor man so, that now doth well enow."

Mrs. Surefoot told Philip all this, and, to her surprise, Philip looked blank. His little project had always been to banish Maria, not James.

But one day Mrs. Surefoot came into the office, with a face full of pain and concern, and said, "Oh, Philip, I spoke too fast. The master will not give James his liberty."

"What a shame!" said Philip: "but no matter. He is happier now."

"Alas!" said Mrs. Surefoot, "you mistake me. James is to go for certain: but the master will not free him; but sell him to M'Carthy, that is always willing to buy them."

Philip was struck dumb by this sudden blow: he was too much surprised and shocked to comment on Jedediah's conduct and character.

Mrs. Surefoot babbled on, unheeded almost. "What will Dame Shipley say? She will discourse on it till I shall wish I had ne'er been born. I am a miserable woman. The world is too hard for *me*. But, alas! I'm a wife, and sworn to obedience; and he is a good husband, and a good man; but what he hath bought for money that he never will give for naught; the Lord forgive him, and me, for not knowing how to manage him as Elizabeth does her goodman, for all he is as hard as flint by nature."

Philip repaid her twaddle with a swift glance of scorn, then asked her, with affected composure, when M'Carthy was to be expected. She told him the first of next month, without fail, and meantime Maria was to keep her chamber.

Soon after this Philip fell ill, and kept his bedroom. Mrs. Surefoot visited him often, and sent James to Katey Dean for simples. Philip got worse, and yet insisted on doing his work. At his request a couch was sent up to his little room, and he lay on his back and still kept the accounts, though groaning with pain. James became very anxious, and was always running up to see how he was, and sat gazing at his pale face piteously, and often implored him to say if there was any thing he could do for him.

Generally, Philip answered rather pettishly, and told James not to come there wasting his time. But one day, seeing James gazing at him with the tear in his eye, and a look of wonderful affection and sorrow on his noble, though simple, face, the boy gave a great gulp, and whined out, in rather a tearful way, "James, do not you be a fool. What is the man sniveling for?"

James hid his face in both hands, and groaned aloud.

"Come near me," said the boy, "and I'll tell you a secret. Will you keep it faithfully?"

"Ay, that I will."

"Then you must know, I am not ill a bit; I am only feigning."

"What! Alas! thy poor white face."

"Chalk, stupid! I tell thee, when you are all abed, I rise, and dance about the place, and shake my fist at you all, especially at that old knave Jedediah, and that dish of skim-milk, his wife, that has got a man, and lets him be her master, instead of making him her head slave, as I would."

Philip's laugh and sparkling eye amazed James Annesley, and he cried out, "Oh, thou dear, good, sweet, wicked boy, for playing so with the hearts that love thee; let me kiss thee;" and he rushed at him to embrace him: but Philip caught up the inkstand in a moment, and threatened him: "Let me be," cried he; "I hate to be slobbered. Sit down, thou foolish, and talk sense."

"Nay," said James, "talk it thyself, and tell me why thou art such a dear, good, artful young devil, to sport with the feelings of those that love thee; and, moreover, 'tis unlucky to feign sickness."

"Here's an ungrateful toad," said Philip; "why, 'tis for thee I do it."

"For me, Philip?"

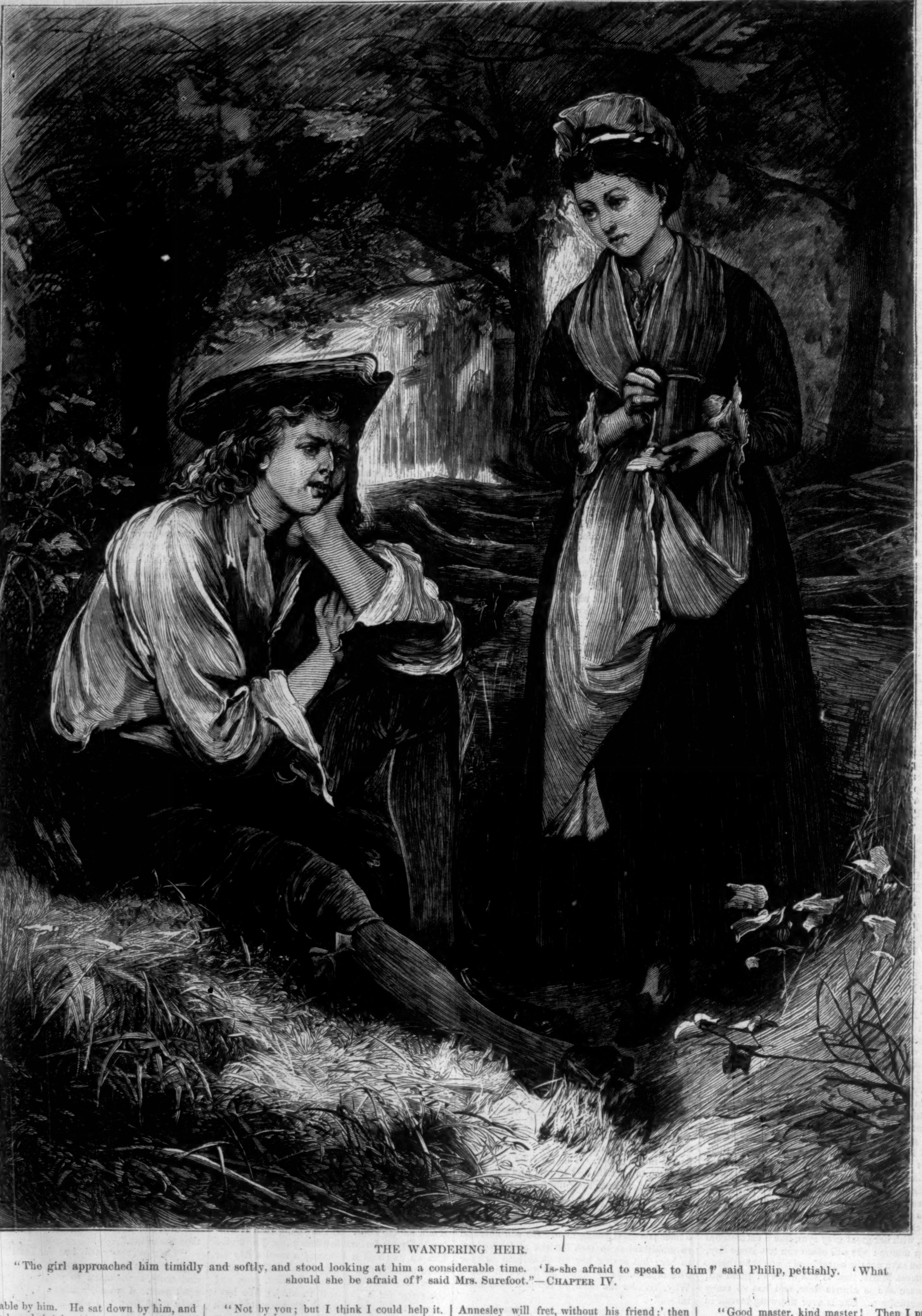
"Ay, thou innocent, for thee. Oh, James, I could not abear to be parted from thee." Philip said this with a world of tenderness, and then hid his face in his hands and blushed like a rose.

James's face showed he was sore puzzled. Philip, who could change his mood like lightning, darted off into his favorite tone of lofty assumption. "Why, thou coxcomb," said he, "dost thou really think thou art fit to go to a new master, without me at thy back? Come James," added he, patronizingly, "you are a good, worthy young man, but you know you are somewhat of a milksop. You are not fit to go alone. You can not beat the men, nor flatter the women. I can do both, especially make fools of the women, and turn 'em to butter with my tongue; and I know not how it is," continued he, assuming now an air of philosophical meditation, "but custom governs us strangely; once get into the habit of taking care of a child, or a dog, or a James Annesley, or any foolish, helpless sort of a pet, and in truth, you get so used to it, you can't let it go alone; you still come clucking after it, like a hen after her duckling. Is it not laughable?"

"No; for I am as fond of thee, Philip, as thou art of me."

"That you may easily be; for I am not fond of you at all: but I am warmly, and sincerely, and truly, accustomed to you, Sir: and so I can't part. I won't, neither; I'll kill every body dead first, and die myself. But there's no need of that; I've got the key to that hunks: Avarice, James; avarice! Come, no more idle talk; but be a good lad: obey thy friend and protector, and let's to work. Give me that piece of chalk. So. Now go you to Jedediah, and ask him to see me alone, before I die. Tell him I have somewhat to say I would not trust even to our dame."

James did as he was bid; and Jedediah, in the course of a few hours, when he had nothing more remunerative to do, went to Philip's room. He found him lying pale and exhausted, with a



THE WANDERING HEIR.

"The girl approached him timidly and softly, and stood looking at him a considerable time. 'Is she afraid to speak to him?' said Philip, pettishly. 'What should she be afraid of?' said Mrs. Surefoot."—CHAPTER IV.

little table by him. He sat down by him, and said he hoped that he was better.

"Master," said the boy, "I shall never be better. I have got the complaint my father died of, and in a few days I shall leave you. What vexes me is, you will lose a faithful servant."

"It can't be helped. God's will be done."

"And you will have to bury me; and that is like flinging money away. Nothing comes of it."

"It can not be helped," said Jedediah, with a little groan.

"Not by you; but I think I could help it. Why should you lose the money you paid for me, and the money for the coffin and all?"

"It is a sore dispensation. But it can not be helped."

"Yes, Sir, it can. M'Carthy comes here to-morrow, to buy slaves."

Jedediah nodded.

"He got the better of you in that sale of wood."

Jedediah groaned.

"It's your turn now. I'll seem well, or nearly, when he comes: you shall say, 'James Annesley will fret, without his friend:' then M'Carthy will buy us both: and I shall die on his premises, not yours."

Jedediah's little keen eye flashed. He subdued it, and said, "But I doubt me whether that would be fair trade. What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to spoil the Egyptians?"

"It is a Christian duty. And think of me, master. I shall die miserable if you have to bury me, and lose so much by me."

"Nay, I will not have thee die unhappy. That were cruel. Thou hast been indeed a faithful servant, and I'll humor thee in this thing."

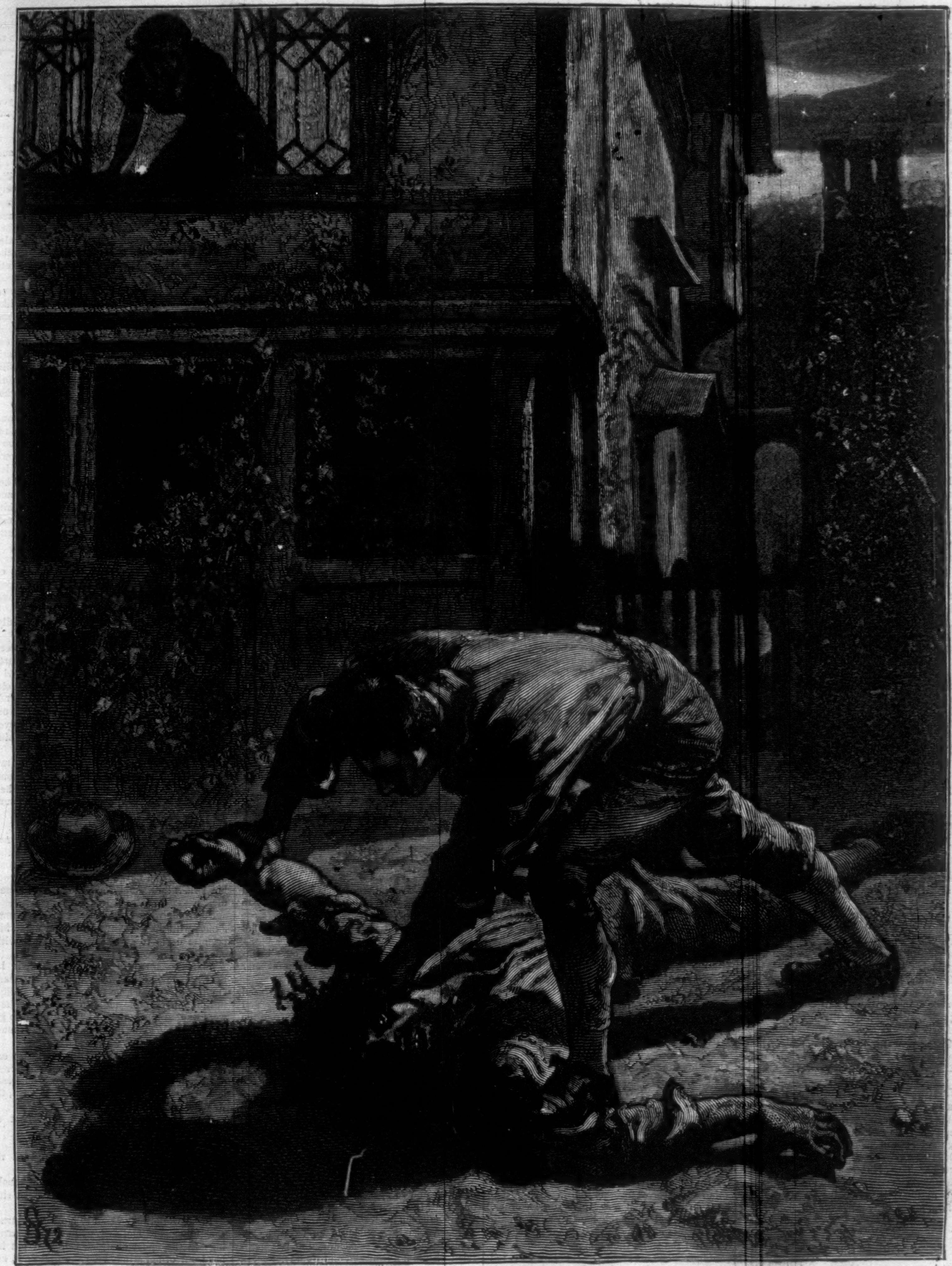
"Good master, kind master! Then I pray you go at once to Mistress Maria's chamber, and fetch me her pot of red. Ask her not for it; or she'll deny you, and swear to't. 'Tis in the drawer of her table whereon stands her glass."

"My daughter paint her face?"

"Ay, and her lips and all, at odd times. Fetch it me, Sir, privately; for without it M'Carthy will see the trick, and never buy me."

Jedediah went straight for the cosmetic, looking black as thunder.

Philip chuckled with delight. "Aha!" said



THE WANDERING HEIR.

"'I do what you do,' said the mulatto. 'Not so,' said James; 'for I guard my master's goods against a knave.' 'Knave thyself, and meddler, and fool,' cried the mulatto, whose rage had been simmering this many a day. From words they came to blows, and struck each other hard and fast, without much parrying. In the midst of which Christina put her head out of her window on the first floor, and looked steadily down at them. After a few moments of self-possessed observation, she said, in a keen whisper, 'Kill him!'"—Chapter V.

this sweet harmless boy. "I have lent that minx a dig, into the bargain."

Next day M'Carthy came, and, at sight of James, offered a fair price. Jedediah appeared cool on it, and at last let out that there was such a close friendship between James and the book-keeper, he did not care to part them.

"Book-keeper?" said M'Carthy.

"Ay," said Jedediah, and showed him the books.

At this juncture, the dialogue having purposely been carried on in sight of Philip's window, out ran the book-keeper, looking the picture of health. M'Carthy was astonished at his youth and his book-keeping, and determined to purchase him; however, he concealed his enthusiasm, like a wary trader, and said he really only needed one servant; but would give the same price for Philip, if Jedediah would not part them.

The bargain was struck: and in less than an hour the two friends' bundles were in M'Carthy's light wagon, and they were marching behind it.

With them, to their infinite surprise, walked Jedediah Surefoot, a short thick riding-whip in his hand.

The fact is, his daughter had slipped out, taking advantage of her mother being at Willingtown, and he was afraid she had resolved to have a tender parting with James, or some worse folly: and, who knows, exasperated at being sold instead of rewarded, James's good faith might melt before a second temptation of the sort. So he said grimly, to his late servants, "I'll set ye on your way." He stalked along with them in silence. They thought he would go a mile, and then give them his blessing; but no: mile after mile, this kill-joy stuck to them, and was irksome, for they both wanted to talk, and congratulate each other on being still together.

At last Philip lost all patience, and resolved to make the intruder smart: he whispered

James to fall back a little, and suddenly putting on his saucy swagger, that was quite new to Jedediah, he said, "Come, old man, hand forth my vail."

"Thy vail, boy?"

"Ay. Do you think I shall let you bite my worthy master there, and not have my nibble? Two gold pieces I demand. Give them, or I'll reveal the bubble to M'Carthy, and have thee trounced, thou dealer in man's flesh: thou hypocritical knave, that wouldst rob a church, and go to prayers before the deed and after."

Jedediah was stupefied at first, by this sudden hail-storm of insolence; but amazement soon gave way to rage. He gave a roar, and rushed at Philip. Philip screamed, and tried to escape; but could not; he clutched him fiercely by the collar, and raised his whip on high; but it never came down; for, at Philip's first scream, James rushed on Jedediah with equal fury, and seized his arm, and caught him by the throat so felly, that in a moment his face was purple. Then James seized his whip, and, mad with rage himself, whirled him round in a circle, and thrashed him furiously; you might have heard the blows a mile off: then put his foot to Jedediah's stomach, and, with one amazing thrust, spurned him head forward to the ground, that he rolled over, and the dust rose round his helpless body like a cloud. This done, he flung his whip at him where he lay.

Philip clung, sobbing and trembling, to his arm.

James stood like a Colossus, his feet wide apart, his eyes glaring.

"Nay, be not alarmed, sweet Philip," said he. "He is no master of ours; but only a knave I have taught a lesson. None shall lay whip on thee while I am by."

He coaxed and encouraged him, and they walked slowly on; but Philip, in walking, still clung to James's strong arm, and trembled.

When he was a little better, he looked up, and gazed on James with quite a new sentiment of admiration, and said, "Oh! how grand, and strong, and brave, and beautiful, you were. I did not think 'twas in you."

Having thus delivered himself, he lowered his head again suddenly, and clung to James's arm again.

"Nay," said James, "I am not a brave man: my want of courage was the first cause of all my misery. Child, 'twas only rage, not courage: no matter; I have but one friend; I'll not see him abused."

"Bless you, James!" He suddenly took James's hand, and kissed it with a gentle devotion he had never exhibited before. "Dear James," he said, "I can not bear a blow. 'Twas for a blow I left my home and all my friends."

"Ay, indeed! Pluck up heart now, and tell me all about that."

"Tell thee my story? not for all the world."

"Why, I told thee mine."

"Ay: you have naught to blush for. I'd rather die than tell thee mine. What have I done? I have put a barrier between me and the man I—; nay, heed not what I say. I am ill. I am sick. I have been frightened. I shall faint. I shall die."

"Nay, nay," said James, "take not on so, for naught. Is this he who called me a milksop?"

"Ay," said Philip, weeping. Then, with a piteous effort at his little hectoring way, "And will again, if I pee-pee-please."

"Meantime," said James, "I'll bestow thy valor in yon cart:" caught up the weeping Hector in a moment, and carried him in his strong arms, striding away, till he overtook the cart.

"Master, poor Philip hath been ill of late, and he is a-weary. May I put him in the cart?"

"And welcome. There is room for thee an' all."

"Nay, Sir, I will not weight the good horse."

In a very few minutes there was a good deal of talking and laughing in the covered cart. Master Philip was amusing his new master, and taking the length of his foot.

"Dear heart!" thought Annesley, "what a strange boy 'tis. He changes like the wind. Sure his mother's milk is scarce out of him."

Late at night they reached M'Carthy's, a large farm about sixty miles from Philadelphia.

CHAPTER V.

M'CARTHY was a widower, and the house was kept by his daughter, a lady of very striking appearance. She was very tall, and commanding, and fair. Some thought her beautiful: others were repelled by the extreme haughtiness of her features, with which her deportment and manners corresponded.

The two friends, of course, talked every body over, with whom they were likely to come in contact; and they differed about Mistress Christina M'Carthy. James thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Philip screamed "What!!!!!!!!!!!! a nose like a man's; foxy eyebrows, white eyelashes, and a cold, cruel eye. She is not a woman," said this candid critic: "she is a cat."

"I never heard thee praise a woman yet," objected James.

"That is their fault, not mine," retorted Philip, who had long ago resumed the upper hand. "You will be pleased to avoid that cat, like poison," said Philip: "and, if she runs after you—and I hear she has had a dozen beaux already—you will come to me for advice, or our friendship is at an end, Sir. I shall have my eye on her."

The effect of Philip's espionage was this: he discovered that Christina M'Carthy passed James and him as if they were dirt, her lofty affections being fixed on a big mulatto slave. Such an attachment was repugnant to the feelings of white men, and contrary to law. They kept it very close, in consequence, and nobody on the farm dreamed of such a thing, until this Argus-eyed Philip came, and found it out, by their secret glances and signals, and a deal of subtle evidence.

He told James of it, and made merry over the lady's hauteur.

"That is so like the jades: whenever one of them knows herself baser than all the rest, she puts on a mask of transcendent pride, to throw dust in folk's eyes. But they can not throw dust in mine."

James hoped it was not true; "for 'tis disgraceful," said he, "and contrary to nature: and, poor man, she is his only child."

"Don't contradict me," said Philip. "I tell you 'tis so: and I'll show you the law." He had picked out a copy of the State laws, on purpose to ascertain the probable fate of this haughty beauty, whose superb carriage had roused a most vindictive feeling in Master Philip.

James was not so curious in love affairs as Philip, and saw nothing to justify the libel. The lady passed often before his eyes, a model of cold dignity and feminine reserve. He scouted the notion, and almost scolded Philip for his uncharitableness toward women.

But one evening, having done his work, he took *Plutarch's Lives*, which Philip had borrowed for him from the master, and lay down under a hedge of the prickly-pear, to read it. He was so absorbed in this book, and lay so still, that the little birds came about him, and did not mind him: the dusk came on, and still, with his young eyes, he went on reading, till suddenly he heard footsteps on the other side of the hedge, and, after the footsteps, voices.

Now James was outside the hedge, but these speakers were inside, and well hidden by the shadow of some lofty trees. This, in fact, was the favorite rendezvous of Christina and the mulatto Regulus. James knew the young lady's voice directly, and, though they spoke low and hurriedly, he heard enough to show him they were lovers, and that she was going to elope with the fellow, as soon as she could lay her hands on a large sum of money her father was about to receive for the sale of another plantation.

James listened with horror, and asked himself what on earth he should do.

At last these ill-assorted lovers parted: that is to say, Regulus went off, leaving his young mistress to follow at such an interval of time as might lead to no suspicion.

Then James thought he would not tell the old man, but would at all events try first to show the young woman her folly: he ran hastily to a gate, penetrated the wood, and came swiftly through the trees to her, for he saw her white dress still standing there. Seeing him come straight to her so fast, she took him for Regulus come back with news, and she was so unguarded as to say, "Why, what now, my dear Regulus?"

A strange voice answered her, at whose first tone she uttered a faint cry of alarm.

"'Tis not Regulus, madam; but one who has more real good wishes toward you than he has." Christina trembled violently; but defended herself. She drew up haughtily, and said, "Why, 'tis James Annesley. How dare you speak to me? What are you doing here at this time? Have you been here long?"

"Long enough to learn something that astonishes and pains me, and I hope I may be in time to prevent it. Madam, I saw you and Regulus together."

"Wonderful! And now you see me and another of my slaves together. I was giving Regulus an order: and now I give you an order. Go home, and sleep the liquor off that hath made thee so bold as to speak to me; begone, or dread the whip, thou malapert."

James stood his ground. "Before I go, tell me what I ought to do. I am your father's servant, madam, not yours. Both you and I, we eat his bread. Ought I to let him be robbed of his daughter and his money, and never breathe a word?"

Then she began to pant, and said, "What mean you?"

Then he told her that he had overheard every word that had passed between her and Regulus.

"Indeed!" said she, with an attempt at defiance, belied by her short breath. "Repeat it, then," said she, ironically.

"I will," said he, gravely: and he did repeat it, and at such length, and with such exact fidelity, that, as he went on, shame and infinite terror crawled over her; her knees smote each other, and her haughty frame cringed and writhed, and she sank half down upon a woodpile that was near, and her white hands fell helpless, one in front of her, and the other by her side: never was a proud creature so stricken down in a moment.

Then this good young man pitied her, and hoped to save her. He said, "Madam, for Heaven's sake, look at the consequences. What good can come of it? If you fly with Regulus, and take your father's money, you will be caught one day, and set on the gallows, and be publicly whipped: for I have seen one as young and fair as you served so."

A moan from the crushed woman was the only comment.

"And if you steal naught, yet marry a mulatto, 'tis against the law, and your children will be illegitimate, and you will lose your father's estate, and break his heart."

Christina interrupted him. "Oh, say no more, James, for pity's sake. I have been mad. Oh! what a precipice! James, do not thrust me over. Do not tell my father, for mercy's sake."

"Not if you will promise to forego this mad design. Sure that mulatto must have bewitched you. That one so fair as you should cast an eye of love on any thing so foul!"

She caught at this directly. "Ay," she cried, "'twas witchcraft, and no other thing. But you have opened my eyes, good James—too late—too late!" and she burst into a flood of tears.

"That depends on yourself: if you will swear to hold no more converse with that mulatto, I shall not feel bound to utter one word of what I know."

"James," said the lady, "you are my guardian angel; you have saved me from a crime, and from an act of phrensy I now look back upon with horror. Do but continue your good work. Advise me at every step, and all will be well."

James was surprised into consenting to that; and she then begged him to conduct her home. "Alas!" said she, "I can scarce stand." She leaned on James's shoulder, and went very slowly and feebly. This gave her time to say some of those vague things with which such women think to excuse their follies. "If you knew all, you would pity me even more than you condemn me." And again, with her white hand leaning on his arm, she said, "How sorcery blinds us!" And what with this, and her gentle pressure of his hand at parting, she disturbed even this Joseph's mind a little, and set him thinking it would not be very hard to cure her of her insane caprice.

Next day she sent for him openly, and told him her plan. "I shall keep out of his way; I shall not move from my own apartments; or if I do, you shall be with me: and now here is a letter I will beg you to take him. Read it first, before I seal it."

The letter ran thus:

> "An accident has frustrated our design, for the present. My father has not yet brought the money into the house. I hurt my foot last night, and shall not, I fear, be able to come to our rendezvous for some days. Burn this before the face of whatever person I may send it by, or I shall think you do not mean fair to
>
> "THE WRITER."

James highly disapproved this letter, and told her so. "Why," said he, "it can not fail to keep hope alive in him."

"Exactly," said she; "and so he will not blab of my folly."

"No more he will, if you break off all connection with him. And why write at all? Such a letter is worse than silence."

However, she talked him over, and convinced him that she was resolved, in a cowardly and artful way, to detach herself gradually from the deplorable connection, so that he half consented to take the letter. Then she took a slice of cake out of her closet, and a pint of rich wine, and sat close to him while he drank it, and showed him such signs of favor, that he was the more inclined to believe she would readily detach herself from Regulus: so he consented to take the letter.

The mulatto eyed him keenly, took the letter, read it, burned it before his eyes, and said, "Tell her what you have seen me do; that is all."

Christina now showed James so many marks of favor, and so open, that Philip took him to task. "My poor mouse," said he, scornfully, "are you going to let that cat catch you so easily?" When that produced no effect, he remonstrated, advised, scolded, and at last quarreled with him downright, and would not speak to him.

Now James was really rather smitten with Christina; her tenderness and cajoleries, following upon her haughty demeanor, had wonderfully tickled his vanity, and even grazed his heart; but he was not so far gone as to part with Philip's friendship. So one day he came to him, and said, "Dear Philip, do not you quarrel with me in a mistake. I will tell thee the truth about Mistress Christina; but first you must swear to me, on the big Bible, never to reveal one word of that I tell thee."

Philip turned pale at this; but took the oath, and then James told him all.

He was more alarmed than surprised. "I knew she was naught, the minute I clapped eyes on her. Look at her white lashes, and her cold, cruel eye. The unnatural beast! that would rob her own father, and wed with a brown! And what sort of a man are you? Why went you not straight to her father, like an honest man? What had you to do to go to her, and get cozened, you silly oaf? Are you a match for that artful jade, think you?"

"Nay, she seems very penitent, and keeps away from him; and—whisper, Philip. If I chose, I could take the brown's place, as you call him, any day: and, really, 'tis a temptation."

"You love the wretch?"

"Nay: not quite love. But she is fair, and she was so haughty, and now is so tender. I own I think more about her than I ever did of any woman yet. To be sure, I am very proud of saving her, and that makes the heart soft toward the fair creature I have rescued from 'a precipice.'"

Philip's face turned green, and his lips pale. His face was distorted and discolored, with the anguish these words cost him; and he sat mute as a statue.

James did not happen to look at him, and went maundering on. "The only thing I like not is that letter to Regulus. What think you of it, Philip?"

Philip, though sick at heart, made a great effort, and said, faintly, "The letter was writ to show him he must temporize, but not despair. Prithee, James, leave me awhile: I have work to do. Come in an hour, and we will see what all this really means."

He went, and then Philip began to sigh and moan at the confession James had made; and, for a long while, he could think only of his own misery at being supplanted in James's heart. But of course his hatred of this rival soon led him into a keen and hostile examination of her conduct, and the consequence was a new and more disinterested anxiety arose, which led him to put a very keen question to James the moment he entered the room—"Has the mulatto shown you any enmity?"

"None whatever."

"Yet he sees his mistress bestow favors on you. Then all is clear. She has told him. You are their dupe. How that woman must hate you!"

"Nay," said James, smiling conceitedly, "that I'll be sworn she does not."

"What, not when you have come between her and her fancy, and do keep them apart? Think you, when once a woman hath loved a woolly mulatto, she can so come back to wholesome affections? She hates you, and spends her days and nights scheming to destroy you. Oh, those cunning lashes, and that cruel eye! They make me tremble for you. Let me think what she is about at this very minute."

He resumed, after a pause, "She will draw you on to offer her some innocent freedom; then fly out, and accuse you of wooing her. Who will believe you—a slave—when the young mistress swears?"

"I'll not give her the occasion."

"How can you tell? And if you do not, why then she will get rid of you some other way. You shall be stabbed in the back some dark night, and never know who struck you: but I shall know, and I shall kill *her*—before I die."

So strong were Philip's fears, that he armed James with an enormous knife, and made him promise never to go to any lonely place without it.

James assented, to quiet him; but, in his heart, made light of these extravagant fears. On the other hand, he felt piqued by Philip's insinuation that the mulatto and his penitent were duping him; and so he used often to get up in the dead of the night, and make his rounds with stealthy foot, to watch.

The effect of this vigilance was, that one moonlight night, coming softly round a corner, he found Regulus under the young mistress's bedroom window, which window was open, the weather being warm.

James collared him directly. "What do you do here, at this time of night?"

"I do what you do," said the mulatto.

"Not so," said James; "for I guard my master's goods against a knave."

"Knave thyself, and meddler, and fool," cried the mulatto, whose rage had been simmering this many a day.

From words they came to blows, and struck each other hard and fast, without much parrying: in the midst of which Christina put her head out of her window on the first floor, and looked steadily down at them. After a few moments of self-possessed observation, she said, in a keen whisper, "Kill him!!"

In this combat, the white struck at the face, and the black at the body; by this means the black's face was soon covered with blood, but the white man was most hurt, and felt instinctively that he should soon be overpowered; so he closed with his dark antagonist; they wrestled fiercely, but it ended in James throwing him, and falling on him. The ground was hard, and the fall of the two heavy bodies on it tremendous. It drove the wind out of Regulus for a moment, and James got him by the ears, and pounded his bullet head on the ground.

Christina now screamed loudly; a window or two were opened; night-capped heads popped out, and the combatants separated by

mutual consent, and retired, glaring at each other.

James had not gone far, when he was seized with a violent sickness; and, after that, he crawled to his bed bruised and seriously hurt by the body blows he had received. Next morning he was too stiff and ill to go to his work.

Philip heard a vague report that James and the mulatto had been fighting in the dead of night, and sent a message directly to James, desiring to speak to him. The servant came back and said he was too ill to leave his bed. Philip was much concerned at this, and, after a slight hesitation, went and knocked at the door of James's room: he slept over the stables. A faint voice said, "Come in." Philip lifted the latch. He found James lying on the bed, just as he had come from the battle; and his face two or three colors. Philip had intended to scold him; but this was no time. He came softly to him, and said, "Alas! my poor James, how is it with thee?"

"But badly, in truth," said James, still in a faint voice.

"How came it about?"

He told him the truth.

"Ah!" said Philip, sadly. "Jealousy. How men do love ill women! That old cat—thirty, if she is a day—to have two lovers, and two nations after a manner, fighting for her o' nights beneath her very window. Did she see you?"

"Indeed she did."

"And smiled, I'll be bound, at what would make a good woman scream to part the fools. Did she say naught?"

"She said, 'Kill him.'"

"Kill whom?"

"The black, I do suppose."

"I am not so sure of that." And Philip fell into a reverie. It was broken by James going suddenly back on something Philip had said. "I do believe thou art right," said he, "and finding him under her window, I felt a sort of jealousy as well as wrath at his continuing to tempt her: if 'twas so, I am rightly served: but flout me not for't, Philip, for I think I am sped."

"Now Heaven forbid. Where is thy hurt?"

"All over me. I made a great mistake. I kept beating him about his bullet head; but he still belabored my ribs. Oh! I am all pains and aches; it hurts me e'en to speak."

"Alas! alas!" said Philip, and laid a cool consoling hand on the hot brow: then he suddenly ground his teeth, and said, "Curses on them all: I will end this to-night; no later."

James asked him what he meant. He refused to say; but the fact is he was resolved to go that very night to M'Carthy, who was then on a visit to his brother, five miles off, and tell him the whole story. Knowing that James would remonstrate, he kept his resolution to himself, and went off for the present to prepare a composing draught for his patient, after the receipt of Patience Surefoot. He made the decoction, in which, I believe, the flowers of the lime-tree were a principal ingredient; and, while it was simmering, he took up the *Philadelphia Post*, that had just been brought into the office. He always read every line of that journal. It was a single quarto sheet, and came out twice a week.

That journal contained an advertisement, that set the paper shaking in Philip's hand, and his eyes glowing:

> "I, Jonas Hanway, now lying in jail, charged with the murder of my ward, Joanna Philippa Chester, take this way to let her know my evil plight, and beg her, for pity's sake, to come back, or write of her welfare. Poor Silas, that made the mischief, is in his grave, and naught awaits her here but my true repentance, and the kind affection of my co-trustee, Mr. Thomas Chester, under whose care she now is, if only she could be found. And, for a further inducement to return, I do now, with my co-trustee's consent, inform her that she is heiress to a fortune of thirteen thousand pounds or more, which knowledge was withheld from her by her father's express desire, lest any man should wed her for her dower, and not for true love of her: but now 'tis thought best to let her know the truth, lest she throw herself away. The said Joanna is now nineteen years of age, tall and active, and of singular beauty; hath eyebrows black as jet, and do meet so remarkably as, in an Englishwoman, must needs draw notice. She hath been traced to London, and it is thought she hath crossed the seas. Whoever will give information respecting her, shall receive a reward of
>
> "FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS.
>
> "She had her mother's jewels with her. But they are now her own.
>
> "From my Prison at Staines, January, 1739-40."

Advertisement!—It was a cry from a Prison, and a cry from home, that knocked at her very heart. She uttered a responsive cry herself, as if the prisoner's cry had sounded in her ears; and then she devoured the words once more, feeding on every syllable in great amazement. But presently the letters grew hazy; her filling eyes saw them no more, and in their place came the pleasant meads of Colebrook, the English landscape, humble, but sweet, the gray old church, the parson's scholarly face, the white-headed children, and poor old England stretching out her hands to her lost daughter, with words of sorrow and love. Then her heart gushed to her eyes in a stream, and the wanderer lay softly back in her chair, quite motionless, and let the sweet tears flow.

Then came the desire to act; to fly home, and save that poor bereaved father, and live among her folk. How should she manage it? She had jewels secreted about her, any one of which was worth more than a slave's ransom. Why not go to M'Carthy; tell him who she was, and offer him a diamond ring for her liberty? Why not? because he might have her seized for wearing man's clothes, and throw her into prison for life, so severe was this colony in that matter. No; she could not endure the shame, nor run the risk. She would take one of his horses, and ride by night to Philadelphia; and make terms with him through some other party. One thing alone she did resolve—not to lose an hour, but to be gone that very night. One day lost, and the prisoner's life might pay for it. Yes, she would go, and take James Annesley with her. She took up the sleeping draught, and went to his room. She made him drink it, and then covered him up warm, and took his hand in hers. "James dear," said she, "I am a happy—creature. I have news from England: sad news, after a manner—yet sweet; and I am going home."

"Going!—Ah well: God's blessing and mine go with thee."

"Why, thou foolish man, I go not without thee. This very night we ride to Philadelphia, and thence to England."

James shook his head sorrowfully. "There is no escape for a slave. I have tried it."

"Ay, all alone, and on foot, without money or means. But 'tis different now. I shall command the expedition; I, who, by your leave, possess the two capital gifts of a commander, which are forecast and courage; forecast, by which I do foresee all possible accidents, and provide for them; and courage, whereby I overcome and trample under foot those petty dangers that scare a mere ordinary man like thee. What's this?"

"What is what?"

"I smell a smell I never could abide. 'Tis a cat. I know 'tis a cat. There! there she is—coiled in the mouth of that sack. I shall faint; I shall die."

"Why, here's a coil about poor Puss! 'Tis the stable cat, and loves to come here."

"Well, she goes forth, or I."

"Open the door, then, and fling thy cap at the poor harmless thing."

"I call not foul things harmless, especially when they are all claws. I like not your cats, even when they are called Christinas."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DEAD IN THE STREET.

ONLY a horse lying dead in the street,
  And a cart with its empty shafts close by:
It is cold, and the pavement is covered with sleet;
    But horses must die!

It is very pitiful, though, to think
  How heavy and weary had grown the load;
How, blindly staggering, ready to sink,
    He had felt the goad;

And how, as fainter had grown his breath,
  No burden was lifted off from his back,
Till, his limbs grown stiff in the chill of death,
    He fell in his track;

How he could not have in the closing strife
  A tuft of straw upon which to lie;
How he had not gained by a faithful life
    Time even to die.

Ah me! but it is not horses alone
  That are bearers of burdens, drawers of loads:
Men also have fallen with harness on
    In wintry roads!

(Continued from No. 835, page 1027.)

BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

ONE KISS FOR HOPE, ONE FOR FAITH, AND ONE FOR LOVE.

WITH that they went into the house, and joined the party in the parlor. It was not a very merry one, and the conversation chiefly consisted of tender reminiscences and hopeful anticipation. George tried to be gay, but broke down, and if it had not been for old Ben Sparrow chirruping out a line of "Cheer, boys, cheer, there's wealth for honest labor," now and then, it would have been difficult to keep matters going. But a diversion was occasioned in the course of the evening by the arrival of young Mr. Million, who came in to shake hands with George, he said, and to wish him good-by. George was sitting in the corner, with Tottie on his knee; the child was in a state of repletion, having feasted her full on the pleasures of the table, and was curled up in George's arms feeling very sleepy. Bessie, sitting next to George (he had a spare arm for her waist, Tottie notwithstanding), cast strangely disturbed glances at her lover and the child, and her heart was bleeding from the wound inflicted upon it by what she had heard that afternoon. Every time George stooped and kissed Tottie, Bessie's wound opened, and she was almost distracted with doubt, and grief, and love. Young Mr. Million was very sunny and bright—a sunbeam lighting up the sad clouds. He gave just a glance at the ear-rings in Bessie's ears, and Bessie blushed as she rose to allow George to shake hands with him. No one saw the glance but Mrs. Naldret, and she looked gravely at Bessie. Young Mr. Million was profuse in his good wishes for George; he wished the young man all sorts of luck, and hoped he would soon be back. Every one was gratified at the heartiness with which young Mr. Million expressed his good wishes—every one but Mrs. Naldret; but then nothing seemed to please her to-night.

"I must drink your health, George," said the young brewer.

Ben Sparrow asked him with a grand air whether he would take sherry wine or port, and he chose sherry, and said that Miss Sparrow should fill his glass for him. Bessie filled his glass and handed it to him with a bright flame in her cheeks; her hand shook, too, and a few drops of the wine were spilled upon the table, which young Mr. Million said, gayly, was a good omen.

"And here's good luck to you, George, and a prosperous voyage," he said, and shook hands with George and wished him good-by, and shook hands also with all in the room. Old Ben Sparrow looked at him very anxiously, and when the young prince, with a quietly significant glance at the old man, proposed that Miss Sparrow should open the shop door for him, Ben said, "Yes, yes, certainly, Sir," and almost pushed Bessie into the shop. Now what made Mrs. Naldret open the parlor door, and seat herself so that she could see the shop door? It may have been done unconsciously, but certain it is that, seeing something pass between young Mr. Million and Bessie as they shook hands at the shop door, she gave a sudden cry, as if overtaken by a spasm. Bessie ran in at the cry, and then Mrs. Naldret saw in one quick flash, what no one else saw (for Bessie slipped it into her pocket), a letter in Bessie's hand! The matron said it was nothing, merely a stitch in her side; and turned from the maid to her son, around whose neck she threw her arms, and kissed him again and again.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed George, for Mrs. Naldret was beginning to sob convulsively. "Come, bear up, there's a dear soul! or we shall all be as bad as you!"

Mrs. Naldret repressed her sobs, and pressed him closer to her faithful breast, and whispered,

"Ah, George, there are a many women in the world for you, but there's only one mother!"

He whispered back to her, "There's only one woman in the world for me, and that's my darling Bessie; and there is only one other who is as good as she is, and that's the mother I hold in my arms."

And all she could reply to this was, "Oh, George, George! Oh, my dear, dear boy!" with a world of love and pity in her voice.

And so the sad evening passed away, until George said, Hadn't father and mother better go home? He would soon be with them. They knew that he wanted to say good-by to Bessie, who sat pale and tearful, with her hand in his; and they rose to go, saying he would find them up when he came home.

"I know that, dear mother and father," he said, and went with them to the door, and kissed them, and came back with the tears running down his face.

"I'll tell you what, George," whispered old Ben Sparrow in George's ear. "You shall say good-by to Tottie and me, and we'll go to bed; and then you'll have Bessie all to yourself. But don't keep too long, my dear boy, don't keep too long."

Tottie had been fast asleep for more than an hour, and George took her in his arms without waking her.

"Good-by, Tottie," he said; "good-by, little one!" He kissed her many times, and the child, stirred by his caresses, raised her pretty little hand to his face. He kissed her fingers, and then resigned her to old Ben, who, with his burden in his arms, grasped George's hand tight, and bade him good-by and God-speed.

"And don't forget, George," he said, with a secret look toward Bessie.

"No, Mr. Sparrow," George replied, "I'll bear in mind what you told me."

"God bless you, then, and speed you back!"

With this the old man ascended the stairs, with Tottie in his arms, turning over his shoulder to give George a parting look, and humming "Cheer, boys, cheer!" softly, to keep up the spirit of the lovers.

They had listened with a kind of strained attention to the old man's voice, and when it was hushed, and silence fell upon them, George turned to Bessie, and in an instant she was in his arms, lying on his breast. A long silence followed. George heard Bessie's heart beat plainer than the tick of the old-fashioned clock, which stood like a ghost in a corner of the room. Not another sound could be heard but the ticking of the old clock and the beating of their hearts. As Bessie lay in her lover's arms, she thought whether it would be generous in her to question him about Tottie. The very asking of the question would imply a doubt. A voice whispered to her, "Trust him; perfect love means perfect confidence." But the woman's words were present to her also; and George was paying for the child. She would not admit the thought of any thing dishonorable in George; but the sting of the doubt was in her. Would it not be better for her to ask a simple question, which George could easily answer, than to be tormented with doubt during the long months he would be away from her? Would it not be simple justice to Tottie? for if she were not satisfied, she might grow to hate the child. And Bessie really loved the pretty little forsaken one. The maternal instinct was in her, like the seedling of a flower in the ground, waiting for the summer-time to ripen it into the perfect beauty of motherly love. She loved children.

And here a word. Whether out of place or not, it must be written. Trust not that woman who has no love for little ones. She is unworthy of love.

How long the lovers remained silent they did not know. But the time flew all too swiftly, for the solemn tongue of Westminster proclaimed the hour. Each clang was like a knell. It was midnight.

Midnight! What solemn reflections arise at such a moment, if the mind be attuned to them! If the world were spread before us like a map, what varied emotion and feeling, what unworthy striving, what unmerited suffering, what new lives born to pain, what old lives dying out in it, what thoughts dark and bright, what flowers of tender love, what weeds of ruthless circumstance, what souls born in the mire and kept there, what hope, what remorse, what sounds of woe and pleasant-fountain voices with sparkles in them, what angel-lights and divine touches of compassion, would, in the brief space occupied by the striking of the hour, there be displayed! And so that bell may toll, night after night, for generation after generation, until a time shall come—say in a hundred years—when every human pulse that at this moment beats throughout the world, when every heart that thrills and thirsts, when every vainful mortal that struts and boasts and makes grand schemes for self's exaltment, shall lie dead in earth and sea! Such thoughts should make us humble.

The bell awoke the lovers from their dream, and they spoke in low tones of the future, and the hopes that lay in it for them.

"When I come back with a little bit of money, my darling," said George, "I shall be content to settle down to my trade, and we shall jog along as happy as can be. We couldn't settle down without pots and pans, and these I am going away to earn. I can see our little home, with you sitting by the fireside, or waiting at the door for me to give me a kiss when my day's work is done. Then I shall come round to mother's old way, with her bread-and-cheese and kisses. That will be good enough for me, my darling, with you to give me the kisses."

And he gave and took an earnest of them there and then.

So they talked of one thing and another until One o'clock was tolled by the Westminster bell, and during all that time Bessie had not found courage to speak of what was in her mind. George had noticed the ear-rings in Bessie's ears, but had not spoken of them, thinking that Bessie would have drawn his attention to them. But Bessie's wound was too fresh; the pain and bewilderment of it were all-engrossing. She had no thought for any thing else.

"And now I must go, my darling," said George, as they stood by the shop door; "for mother and father are waiting for me." He took her face between his hands and kissed her lips. "One kiss for hope; one for faith; and one for love."

Bessie raised her face again to his, and whispered as she kissed,

"And one for confidence."

"And one for confidence," he repeated, as heartily as his sadness would allow.

"There should be no secrets between us, George dear."

"Certainly there should not be, darling," he replied, "though you've been keeping one from me all the night, you puss!"

"I, George!"

"Yes, you, dearest. You have never told me who gave you those pretty ear-rings."

Upon such slight threads often do our dearest hopes hang! Bessie, yielding to the weak impulse, to play off confidence for confidence, said,

"Never mind those, George. I want to ask you something first."

At this moment the sound of music came to them, and the waits commenced to play the dear old air of "Home, sweet home."

"That's Saul's doing," thought George. "Good fellow! What will become of him during the time I am away?" As he and Bessie stood linked in a close embrace, the soft strains floated through the air into their hearts.

"There shall be no secrets between us, George, in our own home—sweet home!"

"None, darling!"

"And you'll not be angry with me for saying something?"

"What can my dear girl say to make me angry? and at such a time!"

"Then tell me, George—about Tottie."

"The dear little thing! What about her, dearest?"

"George, is she an orphan?"

How long seemed the interval before he replied! Tick—tick—tick—went the clock, so slowly! Oh, so slowly, now!

"No, Bessie."

How strangely his voice sounded! But he held her closer to him, and she had no power to free herself from his embrace. Indeed, she would have fallen had he loosed her.

"Do not be angry with me, George," she whispered, slowly and painfully. "She has a father living?"

Another long, long pause, and then, "Yes," from George, in the same strange tone.

"Tell me his name, George."

He held her from him suddenly, and, with his hands upon her shoulders, looked her steadily in the face. But her eyes drooped in the light of his earnest gaze.

"I can not, Bessie," he said; "I must not. When we are married I will tell you all. There shall be no secrets between us in our home—sweet home. Till then, be satisfied."

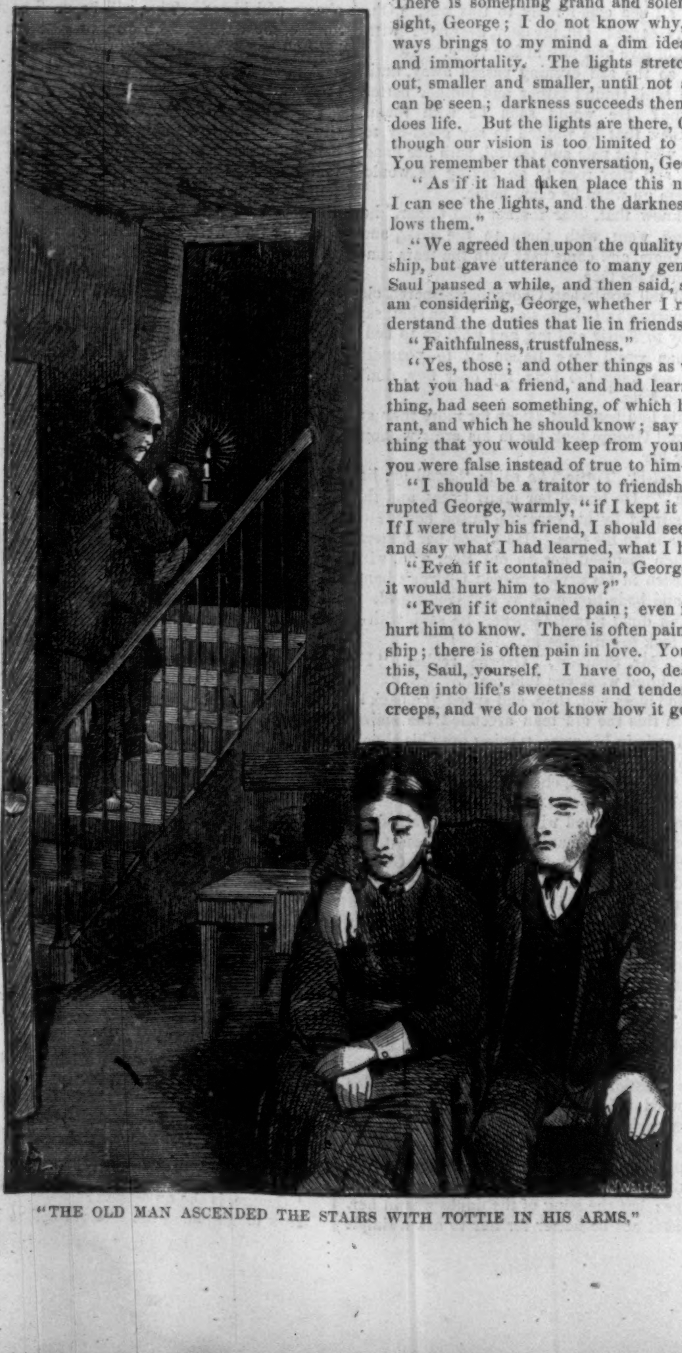
Softer came the dear old air to Bessie's ears. But the tenderer meaning in it was gone for her. She turned from her lover petulantly.

"I did not think you would refuse me this, George."

Wiser, stronger, than she, he said,

"Do not let this trivial matter come between us, my dear;" and would have taken her to his heart again, but she did not meet him as before. "This trivial matter!" Was he so lost to honor and to love for her? Something of her mind he saw in her face, and it made his blood hot. "Good God," he thought, "is it possible she suspects me?" Then he strove to soothe her, but she would not be soothed. She said but little now; but her face was white with misery; doubt tore at the wound in her heart. She knew the pain she was inflicting upon him by the pain she felt herself. But she could not yield; she could not say, "I know you are true to me. I will be satisfied, and will wait." So his efforts were vain, and two o'clock struck, and their agony was not over. The tolling of the bell, however, brought to him the picture of his father and mother waiting up at home for him. "I *must* go," he said, hurriedly. "Good-by, dear Bessie, and God bless you! Trust to me, and believe that no girl ever had more faithful lover."

In spite of her coldness, he pressed her close to his breast and whispered assurances of his love and faithfulness. Then tore himself away, and left her almost fainting in the shop, love and doubt fighting a sickening battle in her heart.



"THE OLD MAN ASCENDED THE STAIRS WITH TOTTIE IN HIS ARMS."

YOU ALONE, AND MY MOTHER, ARE TRUE; ALL THE REST OF THE WORLD IS FALSE.

THE night was very cold, and George felt the keen wind a relief. He took off his hat, and looked around. The street was still and quiet; the last strains of "Home, sweet home," had been played, and the players had departed. All but one, and he waited at the end of the street for George to come up to him.

"What, Saul!"

"George!"

They clasped hands.

"I am glad you are here, Saul. I should not have liked to go without wishing you good-by."

"I waited for you, George. I knew you were in there. Mother and father sitting up for you, I suppose?"

"Yes. In a few hours I shall go from here; then I shall be alone!"

"As I am, George."

"Nay, Saul, you have Jane."

"She has left me, dear woman. I may never see her face again. It is for my good, George, that she has done this. You do not know how low we have sunk. George," and here his voice fell to a whisper, "at times we have been almost starving! It could not go on like this, and she has left me, and taken service somewhere in the country. She has done right. As I suffer, as I stretch out my arms in vain for her, as I look round the walls of my garret and am desolate in the light of my misery, I feel and confess that she has done right. Here is her letter. Come to the lamp; there is light enough to read it by."

George read the letter, and returned it to Saul, saying, "Yes, she is right. What do you intend to do?"

"God knows. To try if I can see any way. But all is dark before me now, George."

"I wish I could help you, Saul."

"I know, I know. You are my only friend. If it ever be in my power to repay you for what you have done—" He dashed the tears from his eyes, and stood silent for a few moments, holding George's hand in his. "George," he said, in unsteady tones, "in times gone by you and I have had many good conversations: we passed happy hours together. Words that have passed between us are in my mind now."

"In mine too, Saul."

"We had once," continued Saul, in the same strange, unsteady tones, "a conversation on friendship. I remember it well, and the night on which it took place. We walked up and down Westminster Bridge, and stopped now and then, gazing at the lights on the water. There is something grand and solemn in that sight, George; I do not know why, but it always brings to my mind a dim idea of death and immortality. The lights stretch out and out, smaller and smaller, until not a glimmer can be seen; darkness succeeds them as death does life. But the lights are there, George, although our vision is too limited to see them. You remember that conversation, George?"

"As if it had taken place this night, Saul. I can see the lights, and the darkness that follows them."

"We agreed then upon the quality of friendship, but gave utterance to many generalities." Saul paused a while, and then said, slowly, "I am considering, George, whether I rightly understand the duties that lie in friendship."

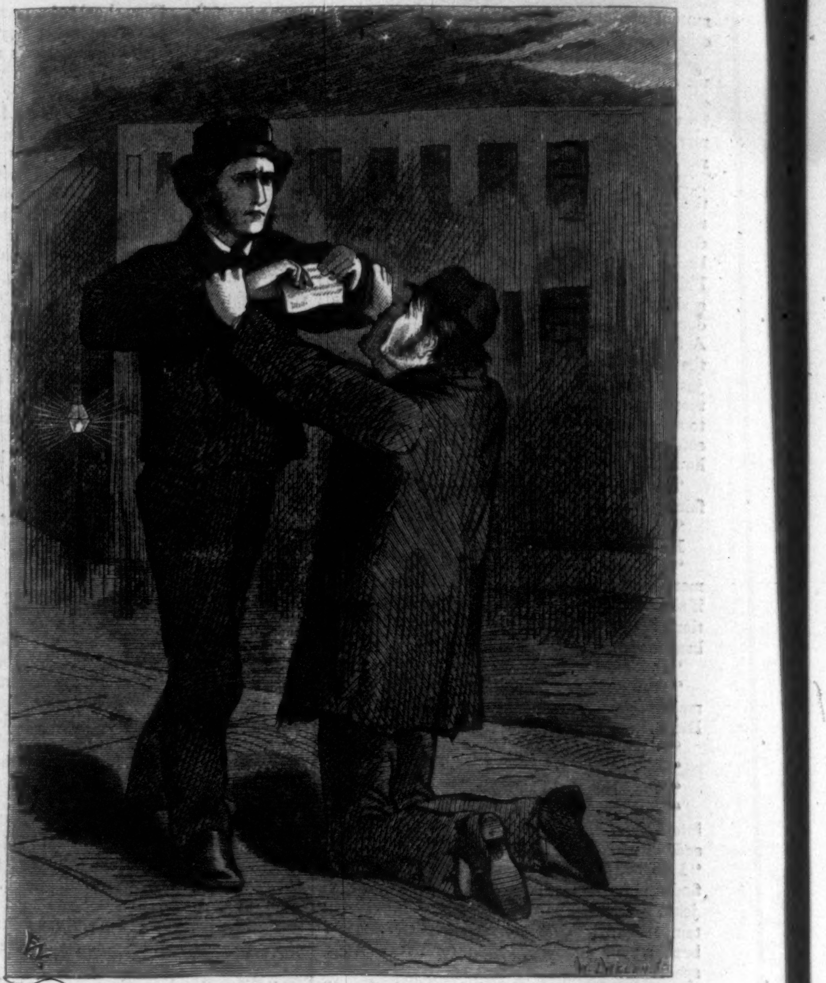
"Faithfulness, trustfulness."

"Yes, those; and other things as well. Say that you had a friend, and had learned something, had seen something, of which he is ignorant, and which he should know; say it is something that you would keep from your friend if you were false instead of true to him—"

"I should be a traitor to friendship," interrupted George, warmly, "if I kept it from him. If I were truly his friend, I should seek him out and say what I had learned, what I had seen."

"Even if it contained pain, George; even if it would hurt him to know?"

"Even if it contained pain; even if it would hurt him to know. There is often pain in friendship; there is often pain in love. You have felt this, Saul, yourself. I have too, dear friend! Often into life's sweetness and tenderness pain creeps, and we do not know how it got there."



"DON'T DESTROY IT! GIVE IT, OH, GIVE IT TO ME!"

George uttered this in a gentle tone; he was thinking of Bessie. "Come, friend," he said, seeing that Saul hesitated to speak, "you have something to tell your friend. If you are true to him, tell it."

Thus urged, Saul said, "First answer me this: When did you first think of emigrating?"

"I did not think of it at all before it was put in my head."

"By whom?"

"By young Mr. Million. One night, not very long ago now, he met me, and got into conversation with me. Trade had been a little slack, and I had had a few idle days. This made me fret, for I saw that if things went on in the same way it might be years before I could save enough to buy furniture to make a home for Bessie. I let this out in conversation with young Mr. Million, and he sympathized with me, and said it was a shame, but that if he were in my place he would put himself in a position to marry his sweetheart in less than a year. How? I asked. By emigrating, he said. It staggered me, as you may guess, Saul. The idea of going away had never entered my head. He went on to say that his father took a great interest in working-men, and was very interested also in emigration; that only that morning his father had mentioned my name, and had said that he had a passage ticket for the very ship that is going out of the Mersey to-morrow, Saul—and that if I had a mind to better myself he would give the ticket to me. I thanked him, and told him I would think of it. Well, I *did* think of it, and I read about wages over the water, and saw that I could do what he said. He gave me the ticket, and that's how it came about."

"George," said Saul, pityingly, for things that were at present dark to George seemed clear to him, "Mr. Million never heard your name until this morning."

"Stop!" exclaimed George, passing his hand over his eyes with a bewildered air. "Speak slowly. I don't know that I understand you. Say that again."

Saul repeated, "Mr. Million never heard your name until this morning. I went to his house, thinking that as he had helped you he might help me; and he scoffed at me, and taunted me bitterly. He had no more to do with getting your ticket than I had. Every word young Mr. Million told you about the passage and about his father was false."

"Good God!" cried George. "What could be his motive, then, in telling me these things, and in obtaining this passage ticket for me?"

"Think, George," said Saul; "there is such a thing as false kindness. He *may* have a motive in wishing you away. I could say more, but I can not bring my tongue to utter it."

"You must, Saul, you must!" cried George, in a voice that rang through the street. They had walked as they conversed, and they were now standing outside his mother's house. "You must! By the friendship I have borne for you! By the memory of what I have done for you!" The door of his house was opened as he spoke. His mother had heard his voice, and the agony in it, and came to the door. George saw her standing there, looking anxiously toward him, and he said, in a voice thick with pain, "Stay here until I come out. By the love you bear to Jane, stop until I come. My mother will know—she is far-seeing, and I may have been blind."

He hurried to his mother, and went into the house with her. For full half an hour Saul waited in suspense, and at the end of that time George came out of the house, staggering like a drunken man. Saul caught him, and held him up. His face was as the face of death; a strong agony dwelt in it.

"I have heard something," he said, in a tone that trembled with passion and pain and weakness. "My mother has doubted for a long time past. She took a letter from him secretly to-night! Those ear-rings she wore he gave her. Oh, my God! Tell me, you, what more you know! By the memory of all you hold dear, tell me!"

"George, my dear," said Saul, in a broken voice, "a few moments after I quitted Mr. Million's house I saw her enter it."

A long, long silence followed. The stars and the moon shone brightly, but there was no light in the heavens for George. A sob broke from him, and another, and another.

"For God's sake," exclaimed Saul, "for your mother's sake, who suffers now a grief as keen as yours, bear up! Dear friend, if I could lay down my life for you, I would!"

"I know it. You alone, and my mother, are true; all the rest of the world is false! He wished to get rid of me, did he, and this was a trap! The false, lying dog! But when I meet him— See here! Here is the ticket he gave me. If I had him before me now, I would do to him as I do to this—"

He crumbled the paper in his hand, and tore it fiercely in twain. Saul caught his arm, and stayed its destruction.

"No, no, George!" he cried, but his cry was like a whisper. "Don't destroy it! Give it, oh, give it to me! Remember the letter that Jane wrote to me. Think of the future that is open to me, to her, unless I can see a way. The way is here! Here is my salvation! Let me go instead of you!" He fell upon his knees and raised his hands tremblingly, as if the Death-Angel were before him, and he was not prepared. "If I live, I will repay you, so help me, the Great God!"

George muttered, "Take it. For me it is useless. May it bring you the happiness that I have lost!"

Saul kissed his friend's hand, which fell from his grasp. When he looked up, his friend was gone. And the light in the heavens, that George could not see, shone on the face of the kneeling man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]